FILE

THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

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In This Number:

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Militiaman (A Story)	*Robert Westerby*
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THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

WITH the publication of 'In Our Time' we introduce to American readers one of the most promising of China's living writers. So far as we know, nothing by Chang Tien-yi has ever before appeared in this country. He is described as a young man of 'Revolutionary Romantic strain,' and he lives in Shanghai, which is also the setting of the story. [p. 290]

THE group which (with an apology to John Dos Passos) we have called 'Camera Eye' brings together, from two diametrically opposite sources, two articles each describing a city in a land of Fascism. As a radical, Suzanne Collette is naturally friendly to the Austrian Socialists, and can see no good whatever in the Schuschnigg Government. [p. 303]

HERBERT EULENBERG is the author of a number of volumes of '*Schattenbilder*,' silhouettes, or thumb-nail sketches, of people and places, which have enjoyed a wide popularity among German-speaking people everywhere. He is, if not a Nazi, at least a Fascist sympathizer, and his 'Impressions of Milan' seem to have been wholly favorable. [p. 307]

OF THE frantic preparations Europe is now making for the war whose coming few any longer doubt, not the least important are those of the German Navy. By the Anglo-German naval agreement of July, 1935, Germany has been enabled to build up her fleet unhindered to within 35 per cent of the total tonnage of the British Navy; and she has been making good use of the privilege. Every Englishman who is old enough to remember the War at all recalls vividly the dark days of the U-boat campaign, and the terror it struck to the heart of the Empire. Now a new submarine menace is arising: Hector C. Bywater tells why. Mr. Bywater did espionage work for the Admiralty throughout the War, and has since made himself one of the world's leading authorities on naval armaments. [p. 310]

MORE widely publicized than the German submarine building, and of no less significance to the future peace of the world, is Russia's effort to achieve supremacy in the air. If war between the two nations breaks out, the Soviet Government will rely heavily on its air forces; and it has no intention of being caught unprepared. A member of the French Aeronautic Commission, Mr. Henry Andraud, describes the preparations that are being made. [p. 313]

OUR readers will scarcely need to be told who William Butler Yeats is. A leading figure in the Irish literary renaissance which blossomed in the nineties, and a contemporary of 'A. E.,' George Moore, John Eglinton, and Lady Gregory, he has continued to grace English letters with his lyrics long after the others have died or lapsed into silence. Lately he has devoted himself to editing the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, and the radio address which we reprint from the *Listener* is one of the fruits of that labor. It is also an example of the high quality of English broadcasting. [p. 330]

DR. CARL GUSTAV JUNG is one of the most distinguished of living psychologists. He is the founder of a school of psychoanalysis which takes exception to the Freudian theories at numerous points. In 'The Psychology of Dictatorship' he makes some extremely interesting comparisons between modern dictatorships and the ancient tribal forms. [p. 340]

IN PUBLISHING Mr. Robert Westerby's story of a mass execution of Spanish militiamen at the hands of the Rebels [p. 342], we do not by any means intend

(*Continued on page 376*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

December, 1936 *Volume 351, Number 4443*

The World Over

THE MOST STARTLING EVENT in Europe in the past month has undoubtedly been Belgium's new statement of policy. Through the voice of her King, Belgium has broken off the alliance with the French which has existed since the War, and has affirmed her neutrality in the European cock-pit. Two motives impelled the Belgians to make the move: internal conditions and the general European situation.

The rise of Léon Degrelle and his Fascist 'Rexists' has been a factor in disturbing party alignments and internal order for some time. In the last elections the Rexists polled a surprisingly large vote for a new party —21 members of Parliament out of 202—and threatened the integrity of the old Catholic Party, from which they drew many adherents. As the portrait of him in the August number of THE LIVING AGE showed, Degrelle has extremely militant Fascist aims and has for some time cultivated close relations with the Nazis in Germany. Degrelle has been swept forward on (and has of course exploited for his own ends) the wave of a Red-baiting and anti-Communist campaign of great virulence. This has naturally been utilized to detach Belgium from France, which still clings to the Franco-Soviet pact. Allied with Degrelle are the Flemish Nationalists, who hate the French-speaking people of Belgium, were friendly to the Germans during the occupation, and now take a definitely

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pro-German point of view. The Flemings are Catholics, more faithful Catholics than the French-speaking Walloons, and they have been deeply influenced by the Vatican's world-wide anti-Communist drive. Naturally all these elements have taken comfort in Hitler's anti-Communist fulminations at Nuremberg. Providing a good base for this drift in sentiment, the war-weariness of Belgians in general inclines a large part of the populace to any measures which seem designed to keep Belgium out of another war.

But the Belgian Foreign Ministry has found just as cogent reasons for altering its relations with its great neighbors. What shook Belgium even more than the British and French debacle over Abyssinia was the German remilitarization of the Rhineland and its effects. Belgium for her part had not even given Germany the excuse of signing a pact with Russia; yet the Rhineland opposite Belgium was unilaterally militarized and fortified. Though the British Government immediately reaffirmed its guarantee of the French and Belgian frontiers after the Rhineland stroke, the Belgians may well have cast one eye on the fate of Abyssinia, the other on the Rhineland coup, and thus have come to the decision to invite, by a declaration of 'neutrality,' Britain and France to make clear just what they intend to do about the security of Western Europe.

THE POPULAR FRONT GOVERNMENT of Léon Blum passed successfully through one of its greatest crises when, after its annual Congress in Biarritz, the Radical party decided to remain faithful to it. This Congress was marked by a violent attempt on the part of Right-wing Radicals, with the support of the country's most sinister reactionary interests, to detach the 'grand old party' of the French petty bourgeoisie from its Socialist and Communist colleagues. The maneuver took the form of packing certain delegations to the Congress with young men who showed suspicious affinities with definitely non-Radical elements. These young men, transported at the expense of unknown interests to Biarritz, gave their show away on the opening day by executing a salute that was indistinguishable from the Fascist salute of Colonel de La Rocque's men. Under the leadership of Emile Roche, director of the Right-wing Radical journal *République*, some of the backers of which are allied with the 'Two Hundred Families,' these gentlemen tried to push through resolutions defying the Communists and designed to break up the Popular Front.

Left-wing Radicals and Moderates, like Herriot and Daladier, alarmed at the prospect of the downfall of the Government and new elections which might damage the Radical Party, circumvented the move. They dug up an old rule of the Party by which only delegates whose credentials dated back more than one year could vote on ques-

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tions. This eliminated the Fascistic young men and averted the danger.

But the mood of the Congress remained distinctly anti-Communist and, according to the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent who 'covered' it, many of the old-time delegates of this important party showed that they had exchanged the Fascist bogy of last year for the more recent Communist bogy which had grown out of the stay-in strikes. By its implied threat to the integrity of private property this form of strike has naturally greatly alarmed the mass of petty property-owners and *rentiers* who form the backbone of the Radical Party and are a strong element in the French electorate.

The anti-Communist drive has been utilized by Right-wing elements to break down the Franco-Soviet Pact. The average Frenchman has approved of the Pact in the past, deeming it a purely defensive measure which should insure peace and security. But the maneuvers of the French Communist Party and the obvious direction which these maneuvers have had from Moscow have given rise to some doubts about its efficacy in preserving peace. Might not Stalin, desirous of waging a preventive war against Germany before the Reichswehr completes its preparations, seek to provoke a situation from which only war could result? The last-hour effort of Soviet Russia to break up the non-intervention committee on Spain seemed to many to point this way, as did the defiant meetings the French Communists held on the German frontier.

On the other hand, many conservatives feel that Germany has not been sincere in claiming that she has no designs on the west and only desires freedom of policy in the east. Paul Reynaud, one of the leaders of the opposition, has taken note that six of the eight new German divisions have been placed on Germany's western frontier. Frenchmen can only conclude from this that Germany, hoping for civil strife in France, is waiting a chance to strike on the west. It is clear that the struggle to kill the Franco-Soviet pact will encounter much opposition.

ALL INFORMATION FROM GERMANY indicates that the German preparations for war have been proceeding rapidly and surely, with one end in view. A recent number of the *Week* of London quotes from a letter said to have been written by a high Reichsbank official:—

> . . . Now to your questions: whither Germany? When I was in Germany I often asked myself this question, but I could never find the answer. . . . Internal economic antagonisms are increasing beyond a doubt. I am equally certain, however, that there will not be an internal collapse of the régime. . . . The régime will unquestionably hold fast till the next war. The war has been planned by the Government for 1938, as all preparations, technical as well as international, will be completed by then—international insofar as the support of the Central European

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countries will have been assured, which is considered indispensable by the Reichswehr General Staff. As long as I was in Germany, there was never any question that the enemy would be Soviet Russia. In the important conferences of the inner Cabinet circle last October and November these were Göring's final words in favor of speeding up rearmament: 'Remember, Führer, that we want to start our war against Russia in 1938.'

These inner circle meetings, ironically called talks at the fireside, included Hitler, Blomberg, Schacht, Göring, Hess, Schwerin von Krosigk, and occasionally Popitz, the reserve man for Schacht. . . .

The Nazi Government do not intend to fight for Central European territory, say in Austria or Czechoslovakia, since their aims can be achieved without war. The attack, however, will not begin before 1938, as according to the latest information I was able to obtain about the Reichswehr's scheme, a war before 1938 would be a catastrophe for Germany.

Armament firms today are organized in military fashion for the eventuality '*A*,' *i.e.*, the war. If the factory manager lacks military qualifications, an officer is coördinated who has to transform the factory into a fortress. In each of these fortresses troops are stationed who, with the S. S., form a factory police and have the tasks of drilling the workers. In case of war the workers will have to work at the point of bayonets. Martial law will be proclaimed immediately . . .

Everything points to a revolutionary foreign policy. None of our contradictions can be solved internally, everything forces us on to an international conflict. Whether Germany can stand the strain is a question, once again, of the duration of the war. If it lasts more than one year, I believe the régime will go to the dogs. This is also the opinion of the Nazis, and it is essential to remember that the German strategy of the coming war aims at a speedy annihilation of the enemy. Only a long war will turn into a civil war.

THE RECENT WORLD PEACE CONGRESS in Brussels illustrates vividly how fragile and hopeless any universal mass movement for peace is at the present time. The Congress had been planned as a free expression of peoples rather than governments in a spectacular rally against the present headlong race towards war. From the beginning, however, these plans were hampered and sabotaged. Britain and France dominated the executive council and committees and the smaller nations were left to bring up the rear. Yet the Governments of these two nations disowned their pacifists, London refusing to be host to the Congress and Paris following suit, after the French Government had expressed 'embarrassment' at the proposal to meet in Paris. Reactionary elements in the General Council tried to oppose a preliminary resolution condemning the private manufacture of arms and the resolution was carried with difficulty. The arms makers had their own spokesman on the Council, Professor Bouvet of Switzerland, a gentleman who has made himself notorious by his defence of their activities. This gentleman advocated holding the Congress in Geneva—an excellent method of hamstringing its action, for the Swiss Government had forbidden the discussion at such a congress of the armanent business or other controversial matters.

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Professor Bouvet's attempt was defeated and Brussels was chosen. But after Brussels had accepted the honor, it was reported that the Belgian Government exacted from the organizers a pledge to refrain from attacking the armaments industry and any government or head of state by name.

The Congress met amid forbidding circumstances. Italy and Germany declined to send delegates. The Catholic hierarchy in Belgium took a hostile attitude. 'Integral pacifists,' those who urge non-resistance and non-coöperation with defence preparations, like Dick Sheppard and Hem Day, were forced into the background. The non-political nature of the Congress was strictly maintained; no speeches attacking Italy or Germany were made. An American delegation 'against War and Fascism' had to suppress its provocative title and La Pasionaria, come up from Spain, was not allowed to speak. Naturally the net result was practically nil. The Congress voted for a 'Peace Day,' a 'Peace Fair' and even a 'Peace Penny.' It also voted for a 'Peace Oath,' but the oath carefully avoids the only question that matters from a pacifist standpoint, namely whether pacifists should fight against aggressors or not. A lone resolution (apparently put over rather quietly in defiance of the Belgian Government) advocating the nationalization of the arms industry was carried.

JAPAN CONTINUES to mark time in China. Her diplomats still press their demands for reparation and for greater control over North China, but although the Chinese have stiffened their resistance to these demands, Japan's army has not yet commenced to march. Chiang Kai-shek's new attitude of defiance towards Japan has caused some of the minor war-lords to follow suit. The *China Weekly Review* reports that Colonel Doihara, Japan's Colonel Lawrence (see THE LIVING AGE for January, 1936), attempted to gain the submission of General Han Fu-chu, Governor of Shantung province. Doihara arranged for a private, secret interview with General Han Fu-chu and specified that the Chinese General should bring no interpreters, bodyguards or attendants. When the General arrived he found Doihara alone waiting for him. The Japanese agent proposed that General Han join with the Japanese military machine and help consolidate the Japan-Manchukuo-China bloc in return for favors. General Han's reply was to tell Doihara to 'take it up with Nanking.' Doihara raised the ante, but still Han remained unresponsive.

Then Doihara told General Han that the house was surrounded by Japanese gunmen and that unless General Han agreed to the Japanese suggestions, he would never leave the place alive. General Han coolly replied that he had left word with his own headquarters that if he did

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not return within two hours his troops should proceed to massacre every Japanese in Shantung. Doihara was obliged to leave Shantung without making any progress with General Han.

This demonstration of backbone on the part of the Chinese and a temporizing spirit on the part of the Japanese has arisen largely from the international situation. Japan now realizes that a war with a determined China would require the full forces of her army, and that the acquiescence of other Great Powers would have to be obtained first. Recent events have shown that these Great Powers feel no such disposition. The United States has now assembled the bulk of her fleet in the Pacific, and, since the growing tension in China, has arranged to send her entire Asiatic squadron to Shanghai. A large number of British warships, including a seaplane carrier, has also appeared in Shanghai. Britain, in particular, has given Japan cause for worry. The British Government has turned a deaf ear to Japanese appeals for an 'understanding' about China. The British Government has sent a credit commissioner to China whose work will be to report and recommend new loans to the Chinese Government and business—quite a different policy than making loans jointly with Japan under Japanese control of China's finances. Finally, Britain has just concluded a naval pact with Soviet Russia, under which the tonnage restriction of major ships is specified as 35,000 tons. This imposes no check on Russian submarine construction, which is regarded as a distinct threat to Japanese naval dominance in the Far East. Japan has also been disturbed by reports that other points in the agreement relative to the Pacific, which have not been made public, will react against her power.

BACK OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S trip to Buenos Aires there exist some interesting diplomatic considerations. Washington has been disturbed about the German influence in Brazil, and economists attach some significance to the fact that two of the countries which show the greatest increase in the list of German exports are Brazil, and Peru. With the example of German political influence following closely German trade victories in the Balkans, one can conclude that Brazil may soon expect one of those disturbing visits from Dr. Schacht which usually precede a visit from General Göring. Brazil remains a largely unexplored and uncolonized country, bigger in area than the United States. There exist in some of the Brazilian states large colonies of Germans, among whom Nazi propaganda has had notable effect. England and France have flatly stated that they will not consider the delivery to Germany of any of their mandates in Africa; but that does not mean that they would show any great concern if Hitler proposed to colonize in South America. Whether the United States Government would take

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such a threat seriously or not, it would certainly provide an excellent talking point at the coming Pan-American Conference in Buenos Aires, which the United States has been eagerly promoting for some time. With the German menace held over the weak Latin-American republics, Secretary Hull might be able to form the 'American' League of Nations which is said to be one of the aspirations of the Roosevelt Administration.

But the American Secretary will probably face a formidable diplomatic adversary in Saavedra Lamas, Foreign Secretary of the Argentine. Not that Saavedra Lamas would necessarily hold out against the American League plan. He has shown himself quite cordial to the United States and Secretary Hull has reciprocated by asking that the Pan-American Conference be held in Buenos Aires—a distinct compliment to the Argentine secretary. But Saavedra Lamas has been working on a scheme to get the backing of Geneva for a combination of the Kellogg Peace Pact renouncing war and the Stimson doctrine of non-recognition of territorial changes brought about by resort to war. He and his colleagues from South America at Geneva have by no means renounced the League of Nations. They wish to retain membership in the Geneva League as a possible protection against any future aggressive policy on the part of the United States in Latin America. But a new 'regional' League in the Americas would satisfy the discontent of many Latin-Americans with Geneva and might in the future provide a means for coaxing the United States either into the League of Nations or some form of world-wide international organization. Before the Latin-Americans will commit themselves, however, they will probably try to exact concessions from the United States in the form of renunciation of the Monroe Doctrine, trade agreements, etc. In any case, Saavedra Lamas will attempt to play a rôle rivaling that of Secretary Hull in the Conference.

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This short story is an example of the best of present-day Chinese writing.

In Our Time

By CHANG TIEN-YI

From *Life and Letters Today*,
London Literary Quarterly

SANG HWA, her face glowing like a hill-haw, looked through the open window for a moment, and then she gazed idly down at the table. A gentle breeze blew in and disturbed the silken tassels of a lamp which stood there; it brought from outside the voice of a minstrel singing an operatic theme of *Sad Vistas*. She frowned. She became aware of an unpleasant puckery taste in her mouth, like unripe plums. She moved over, selected a sweet and put it daintily to her lips.

'Proceed, cousin,' she invited, 'with what you were saying.'

The other woman, who was smoking and gazing in a detached way at a painting, turned her head. 'Hmm? What was it?'

'I believe you were criticizing me.'

'Oh—that.' She collected herself and tapped the ashes from her cigarette. 'Your life, my dear, seems to me . . .'

Sang Hwa looked at her intently as she began to speak, but presently her gaze slanted to a mirror. She changed her posture to achieve a more graceful line. She munched delicately and listened carefully, as she always did when anyone discussed her.

She enjoyed being discussed. Why not? Everybody praised and admired her. She was rich, and she could amuse herself lavishly, which she liked very much to do. Those ladies and gentlemen singing across the lake were all her guests, and this splendid garden was hers, this spacious suburban residence her summer home. Moreover, as people often said, 'It is apparent that she is nobly born.'

Sang Hwa had once lived quite meagerly with her mother, it is true; nevertheless, she had always behaved like a gentle lady. Many people envied her now, and with avid sighs reckoned up her fortune, and the profits of her husband, who was a broker in sugar and rubber. Yet with all that most of her friends agreed that she had exquisite taste and never made a vulgar display of her money. 'She certainly understands where to look for pleasure and how to get it,' they said. 'No one

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could complain about such a life.' And this was, in fact, no exaggeration.

Whenever people talked about her, Sang Hwa always did her best to stand aloof and, coolly and impartially, to consider their comments. She convinced herself that she had locked up her pride and was suspending judgment, or she affected the simplicity of a child awaiting condemnation. Sometimes, however, try as she would, she could not prevent a smile creeping up, and then she slyly turned her head to the mirrors. She studied her face to see whether it needed powdering, or observed her posture, whether it produced the most charming effect of form.

Just now she decided that the attitude could not be improved upon and she gazed steadily at the moving lips and the working mouth of her cousin. 'What,' she thought, 'is the difference between a man and woman like her? She is an odd fish, really, neither male nor female. She has a plain face untouched by cosmetics, her hair is cut short, and above her hips there are simply straight stiff lines. Her voice literally roars. When she talks, you feel that she has a rope round you and is dragging you.'

The cousin became excited and at last reached her point. 'Look around you, at the age we live in!' She blew dense smoke from her mouth, nothing gentle, but like the heavy puffs following an explosion. 'Haven't you ever even thought of it? How long, anyway, can you go on living in such magnificence? That is, if you call it living.'

There was a pause.

'What I mean is, you simply have no conception of realities. Hidden away in this artificial world, you don't even read the daily paper. Suppose, for instance, the rubber market breaks, where are you? You're afraid to think of such possibilities—it would spoil your fun, eh? As a matter of fact, a woman with your intelligence . . .'

She looked suddenly at Sang Hwa, who was thoughtfully examining her finger nails, so pink and softly gleaming. She swallowed—and it was beautiful to watch her swallow!—the morsel in her mouth, and allowed a moment to elapse. Then, sighing wistfully, she said: 'Oh, let us not talk about that. I merely enjoy today, each day for itself.'

'What if a great storm sweeps in—something far worse than the Shanghai War! Such things come suddenly, without warning. Maybe tens of years will roll by, maybe it will come tomorrow.'

'Tomorrow!' Sang Hwa lifted up her eyes. 'I would rather die than think about it. If the collapse comes tomorrow—then tomorrow means my death.'

Her cousin smiled and stood for a while facing the window. 'Uncle and Aunt have given you a good education, I suppose,' she said. 'You are their only daughter. No doubt they determined to make you . . .'

'What?' Sang Hwa stole a glance at the glass, and was pleased with what she saw there and did not move.

'What? Well, a bourgeois wife.'

Sang Hwa smiled. 'But why?'

The other shrugged her shoulders. 'To make you happy. Isn't it true they petted you in every way? They taught you to act like a *lady*, a real *lady*. And now they've succeeded in making you one. You've married a millionaire, you're happy, aren't you, and your whole family benefits, too. . . .'

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'Oh no, it was not exactly like that! I was not so submissive. Do you remember how I refused the year my father tried to betroth me to that fellow Chin? Did I not repeatedly decline?'

'And now?'

Sang Hwa blushed. 'This is a different matter. This marriage was a thing of my own—my—own . . .'

The cousin impatiently brushed her short hair back from her face, and sat down, crossing her legs in defiance of all etiquette.

'I dare say your philosophy is the result of your education, and yet . . . What has happened to you during these ten years I don't know, but you . . .'

She scrutinized Sang Hwa as she talked along carelessly. They had seen a great deal of each other in their adolescence, but not once since they had become women. She remembered hearing that Sang Hwa had left college to take a job of some kind. What was it? In this setting she seemed to be merely living a rôle carefully planned and rehearsed during all those years—the rôle of a rich wife.

'I suppose it's quite natural after all—living among bourgeois women, with no ambition but useless married pleasure—such a background prepared your mind for this sort of existence, and your own marriage simply fits into what you were taught to believe . . .'

Suddenly Sang Hwa stood up, for a moment losing her composure. She broke in passionately: 'No, no! That is all wrong!'

'Wrong? Then you. . . .'

'Quite wrong. The reason I married him—indeed, it grew out of conditions very different from those you suggest. I—you see in the beginning I accepted his company for—for the . . .'

Sang Hwa stood very gravely leaning on a table, but instinctively assumed a graceful pose. She slightly bent her willowy waist, and lifted one foot, posing the toe behind her on the floor. She repeated again: 'I accepted his company—for . . .'

'What?'

'For the Revolution,' she finally uttered in a low voice.

'Revolution, you?' Her cousin shrank back, astonished. 'You mean you've been a Red?'

'Exactly.'

Her cousin gaped at her stupidly, and then at the table laden with sweets, an opium lamp and a glass of half-finished wine. She could not imagine Sang Hwa in an atmosphere so remote from all the comforts and vices that she saw surrounding her. Was it possible? Sang Hwa, who sat in her boudoir four or five hours a day, beautifying herself; Sang Hwa, who, everywhere she went, must have friends to amuse her, foreign wine to drink, and dancing and singing and mah-jong! Sang Hwa, whose monthly allowance was a thousand, two thousand, dollars, and who bought a new car whenever she chose—this same Sang Hwa a Revolutionist? And claiming she got her husband through such an idea as that!

'But I don't like to talk about it. Let the past stay in the past.'

She lifted her arm and let it swim in the breeze as she looked through a window. She felt her cousin's eyes on her, and unwillingly she turned and met them, but immediately looked away.

'I don't understand what you mean. How could you meet a man like your

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husband for Revolutionary purposes? Or don't you want to explain?'

'It is not precisely that. But whenever I think about my life at that time my heart is bound to . . .' She did not finish. She moved up to the window and stood framed in the opening and she looked up at the sky. There was a moon there in the middle of the night, a dull glowing circle that looked like a slice of orange . . .

II

It was under the very same moon that she had more than once walked down the dark streets thick with filth, leaning on the firm arm of Lien Wen-kan.

He was a head taller than she. His hands were strong; they were cold and they gripped hers with the hardness of steel. She pressed close to him, so close that a single shadow nailed them to the earth.

'Are you sure you can do it?' Lien Wen-kan asked her one night as they hurried along together.

'Certain of it,' she smiled. 'It is simply a matter of charm, the right kind of technique . . .'

'Oh, it's not that I mean. That's irrelevant. I simply refer to . . .'

In front of them a black shape loomed ominously. He stopped talking at once.

Sang Hwa shivered and felt terror rise in her. A special kind of noxious air seemed to sweep past with the threat of that dark figure. But nothing happened. It went by Lien Wen-kan's shoulder and did not stop. She turned and peered after the fellow, whoever it was, and then she sighed and looked anxiously into her comrade's face. His expression had not changed.

He went on: 'Are you sure you can get the money from him? I mean that broker—what's his name?'

'Li.'

'Yes, Li. Can you get such a sum from him?'

'Of course, I cannot guarantee it.' She smiled. 'It depends upon charm, unusual charm, and nothing else would succeed.' She looked for an appreciative smile, and was prepared to expand upon this topic. She leaned closer to him, but he kept his lips shut and his eyes on the ground, as if in deep thought. He forgot all about her at times and walked so rapidly that she could not keep in step with him, and once or twice almost lost her balance.

'Is Little Hu at home?' she asked in a whisper.

'Eh? Yes, he's at home—been in bed all day.'

Before her rose the picture of that pale inspired face, with its coffee-colored freckles under the somber eyes. She felt terrified again. 'We must cure him.'

'But how? With what?' Lien Wen-kan made a wry face. 'Plenty of other comrades have got the same thing. If we send them all away for rest and care, what'll we use for funds to do the work, who'll direct the program ahead?'

She suddenly trembled against his arm. 'Then you take care of yourself—oh, you must take care!'

He looked at her and smiled. 'I haven't time for any special precautions. I'm ready for death anyway. It's got to come sometime, sooner or later; if not that way, then at the hand of the enemy.'

She sighed inwardly, and tried hard to keep from betraying her feeling of dread. She took her tongue between her teeth till it began to swell: her

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cheeks quivered. She wondered how much longer Little Hu could live. When they arrived at his house, she was hardly able to control herself. She began to tremble all over.

The sick man had a high fever and his face was scarlet. When he coughed, his features were pinched together and his body shook in spasms of pain. At length he spat up a mouthful of viscous stuff, and that relieved his lungs; he fell back on the pillow and lay back with his eyes shut, panting hard. After a while he began to talk to Lien Wen-kan in a slow painful voice. The air in the room was bad and everything seemed to have on it the marks of his sickness. Lien Wen-kan sat on the edge of his bed and spoke to him, interrupted now and then by harsh coughing. When Lien told the sick man that Sang Hwa had promised to get money enough for the present crisis, he made a great effort and lifted up his face to smile gratefully at her. She was sitting on a bench near the window, protecting her mouth and nose with a square of linen, but quickly withdrew it when Little Hu looked at her. She tried to smile back encouragingly.

'We can't keep up the struggle here unless we get some money. And yet we can't give up now. There—' he gasped, 'there are our martyred comrades—they also . . .'

He began coughing again with great ripping sounds that shook his body convulsively, as if he would end by bringing up his whole viscera. His face went a deep crimson and the swollen veins stood out piteously, like hempen cords. Little Hu's jerking body made the bed squeak, until he got relief by expelling more viscid mucus, and then he lay back, puffing through his wide-open mouth. His eyes half closed, but after a while Sang Hwa saw him looking at her shocked face. He smiled wanly, as if to say that he was not really sick enough to worry about.

'If our plans work out, we can succeed in building a great movement here, greater than the Hongkong rising . . .' He paused to gasp dryly for breath. 'If only we can hold together, it's a real crisis. How much can you raise from that fellow Li? How is he related to you, by the way?'

'He is Li Ssu-yi, and no direct relation of mine. I simply met him in my aunt's home, when I stayed there. My aunt is trying to marry her daughter to him. He merely knows me as a relative, that is all. He is nevertheless very attentive.'

She began to laugh. She explained that he was a droll and tiresome character, and she described him. 'Never mind that,' she said, 'if I can only get what you want. The application of charm, with the right technique, ought to succeed.'

III

The very next day she lunched with Li Ssu-yi, drank wine with him, and later on went to Chao Feng Park, where they sat listening to the music. She was heavily powdered and her cheeks were tinted a delicate apricot. She smiled constantly. Her face was as changelessly pleasant as a flower.

Li Ssu-yi made a great effort to be bright and entertaining. 'What a beautiful moon there is tonight,' he said in his Tai Shan accent. He made other romantic observations, following each with a prolonged sigh, as though half in jest. 'Aren't you happy?' he asked her several times. He was very,

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very considerate. Wherever they went he offered her, in courtly gesture, the fat curve of his arm.

Li Ssu-yi was about forty years old. There was a little round bald spot on the top of his head, but elsewhere was a thick shining growth; he had a habit of threading the fingers of his right hand through it. Whenever sugar or the condition of the rubber market were discussed, he lifted up his eyebrows with interest. He did not, however, discuss such subjects in the presence of ladies. He kept his eyes half closed, and he often wistfully remarked that people seldom understood him. He especially resented any reference to his round little belly. He himself considered that he was not fat, but merely happened to have a bigger stomach than most. One explanation he offered for this phenomenon was that he drank beer.

Sang Hwa now looked out of the corner of her eyes at his oleaginous face and his protruding teeth. She thought to herself that some day her cousin, Pao Chen, would have to yield to those arms and feel those teeth against her face. The prospect highly amused her.

'Why do you laugh?' he asked tenderly.

'I was laughing at Pao Chen—thinking how jealous she would be if she found us here.'

He frowned and absently scratched his head. 'She doesn't suit me—temperamentally, you know. On the other hand you—you're . . . But what do you think of me? Do I weary you?'

She smiled and pressed his arm, employing one of the gestures in what she called her technique. She said nothing.

A stiff wind blew against them and furled her silk gown round her legs. The wine had affected her; she felt physically very light and as if walking along a bank of clouds. Some fragrance seemed to hang in the air and sweeten her tongue. Was it flowers, or the odor of green grass, or really a perfume somewhere? Looking into the faces of other strollers she saw that they were kindly and tranquil, as if there were no such thing as pain on earth. She drew in the air hungrily.

'The world is, after all, rather beautiful . . .'

She skipped rather than walked, and somewhere inside her a spirit bubbled into laughter over nothing at all. Her body seemed to hum behind every word she said. She found a new pleasure in the most insignificant gesture—a turn of the head, or a lift of the shoulder. She felt herself actually gliding round corners.

'I never knew before that Shanghai was real, that it was alive.'

Before them little children rolled on the lawn, shouting and laughing. She felt like one of them. It seemed to her that she breathed more freely—as if a mask had suddenly been torn from her face. She felt liberated and knew again the simple joy of just being alive, of knowing that everything in the world had been put there for her amusement, that even other people had been born only for that purpose . . .

It grew dark, and the moon lay hidden behind a filmy garment of clouds. The wind blew colder and wrapped Sang Hwa's gown closer to her figure.

Li Ssu-yi suddenly put his pudgy hand on her shoulder and she returned to the solid substance of herself.

'May I take you back to school?'

School! She had forgotten that he did not know her true address nor her

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real life with Lien Wen-kan. He thought she was still at school.

'No, I shall not return to the dormitory,' she said hurriedly. 'Just take me to my aunt's home. I will stay there tonight.'

They had got into his car and he put his face near hers. 'It would be a good thing if I could go on being of service to you. Not a bad arrangement.'

She thought otherwise, but she did not speak. 'It would be a much better arrangement,' she sighed to herself, 'if Wen-kan were with me.' But Wen-kan would spend no time looking at the moon: he would regard this evening as just so much money diverted from the Revolution, plus so much time. She had said nothing to Li about her real motive: let that be settled tomorrow. She made an appointment with him, and thought now about the most effective lie she could concoct. Tell him that she needed the money to buy a certain thing (very important!) or that she had debts? Well, let it wait.

'Today at least I have been free and I have lived.'

But even this freedom, she knew, was illusory, was but part of a drama being played to an end set by some greater destiny than her own. In this larger force she was an atom of infinite smallness, and the joy she had felt today was in fact quite absurd. It could not last; it was not real. The miserable little house to which she must soon return, the secret work in which she was united with others in a cause, these things had purpose and vitality, they were life and the meaning of life . . . *struggle* . . .

IV

Again it was evening and again the orange moon, grown larger, burned in the sky. Several people were in Little Hu's room and Sang Hwa was one. She sat very far from his bed and dared not look at him. How the coughs tore into his poor flesh! She looked down steadily at her hands and could scarcely breathe.

'He's finished,' someone whispered.

Lien Wen-kan began sprinkling the room with some disinfectant. Hsu lifted up the thin withered body to a half-reclining position and Ah Yeh Hsin sat beside the bed, and held Little Hu's chin. He had not strength enough to support himself. He coughed now almost incessantly, and with each cough his lips were covered with blood. The sick man's nose and chin had turned ghastly, the color of soiled old lacquer, and the rest of his face was a waxen yellow. He kept his eyes shut and his facial muscles did not move. Whenever he coughed his body seemed to be crumpling up anew. Despite his suffering, some powerful urge to speak presently took command of him, as though he had a thing of terrible significance to impart. His mouth began to move and he stammered unintelligibly.

'Don't talk! Lie still for a while.'

Suddenly Sang Hwa shrieked, and then hysterically began to weep. Everyone turned in surprise. 'I can't bear it,' she cried. 'The life is being crushed out of him!'

'Comrade Lien, take her home, please,' one of the group ordered.

She could hardly stand as Lien Wen-kan took her arm. He half dragged and half lifted her outside. She clutched the tightened muscles of her throat; as they stumbled along her fright was succeeded by a feeling of dull pessimism.

'Why,' she said tonelessly, 'why is

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it? Why is life like this to us, bitter, dangerous, full of pain, always with death very near?'

Lien held her even more firmly and told her to hush.

'But what is it for? What has he got out of it? Dying now, one great pain gathering up all the little pains and sufferings out of the past—is that what death is? Do you remember, only a short time ago he was so full of life, so abundant with it! And now he is dead, or as good as dead, in the hand of that dark illness . . .'

'Cut it, do you think we don't all feel the same way? Be quiet for a moment, get control of yourself.'

When they reached home the girl pulled away from him and threw herself on the bed. She felt her body quivering like a taut rope. Her breasts stood out and seemed enlarged. Lien stood gazing down at her in silence.

'Where can it lead us, Wen-kan?' she asked tearfully. 'Remember Old Pon, too, think of the bitterness of days he lived through, and then in the end he died just like that! Hasn't one got a right to want happiness?'

Lien sat down on the bed but he did not look at her. He could hear her beating heart and he felt her convulsive sobs vibrating against him. She leaned over and let her head fall on his shoulder.

'Happiness?' he said finally. 'You mean—roll yourself up in a golden cocoon and to hell with the rest of the world, as long as you can feed on mulberry leaves? Isn't it precisely because we can't live that way, because we're not vegetables nor insects but human beings, that we believe in making real happiness possible?'

She tried to control her resentment and the effort gave an unnatural tone to her voice. 'I often think that after all human beings can only live a few tens of years at best, and why should we deliberately seek out pain?'

Lien started to protest. She broke in: 'Listen, it's just because we are human beings that we have a right to make a choice, and the choice doesn't have to be a bitter one, does it? It seems to me sometimes that I cannot live without light, the wide open sky to breathe freely under, and happiness, just plain happiness. Our life, always a secret existence, seems to deny our right to clean joyous air and even the flowing sunshine.'

Lien Wen-kan looked at her sardonically, and there was a note of weariness in his reply. 'In order to make freedom a reality we've got to struggle for a new society, out of the old bondage—but you understand all this, you have seen these things yourself.'

Sang Hwa lifted her head and put her lips close to his chin.

'Yes. I know—all that. But can we get that sort of freedom in our time?'

'If not our generation, then the next. Meanwhile, we stand for something.' He leaned over and embraced her simply. 'You've had too much for one day. You'd better get some rest. Tomorrow I'll have a thorough talk with you.'

He helped her undress and she slipped into the bed. He was going back to Little Hu's. She took his hand. 'Perhaps you are right, perhaps I am not quite sane. I feel like—but never mind, tell me exactly what you think of me tomorrow.'

She watched him snap out the light and shut the door and listened to him going down the stairs. When she could no longer hear his footsteps, fear crept

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into her again. After a while she imagined that she heard someone in the room and she sprang up and switched on a light. She called out. No one answered, but then she felt sure that it must have been a 'black-gown' [Government spy] outside her door. She fell back on her bed, exhausted.

'I can't stand it!' she said aloud. 'When one thinks of it, it is silly. Given a few years of life, one throws them away for an ideal one will never see, an ideal that may never come about in that way . . .'

Early next day, before Lien Wen-kan had returned, she wrote a note and sent it over to him, asking the Party for a month's release. She packed her leather bags in a few minutes, and went to stay with her aunt.

V

Although Li Ssu-yi was not the most lovable of people, he had his virtues. He responded promptly and generously, for instance, to the slightest expression of a wish on Sang Hwa's part, and he bothered himself a great deal with thinking up ways in which to please her. She knew that his attentions to her were not altogether agreeable to her aunt, who seemed worried that she might lose a good prospective son-in-law, but Comrade Sang did not let that trouble her. She had a right to enjoy the few happy days stolen from her work.

Her happiness was genuine.

She covered her whole body with powder and spent hours making up her face. She abandoned herself to gaiety, every night going out with Li, and every night coming home late, smelling of wine and not a little drunk. During the day she amused herself driving here and there in his new car. She read nothing but romantic stories and cinema advertisements.

Two weeks went by very rapidly, and one day she returned home in Li's car to find her little cousin waiting for her, important with news.

'A feller named Liu came to see you,' said the boy.

'Liu'—that was Lien Wen-kan's other name. 'Did he leave a note?' she asked.

'No, he just says he come tuh see you. Nothin' partic'lar, he says.'

Sang Hwa frowned. She walked slowly to her room, suddenly ashamed, her eyes filled with the tall straight figure of Lien Wen-kan and of his fine grave face. Perhaps he had come to denounce her? Or to bring important news? Perhaps Lien was being chased? She shuddered. They might even be watching her. Looking around she saw only a warm clean room with furniture of rich wood shining under a flood of light, and she felt reassured. Here were no documents, no forbidden books. Everything was spotless and legal, everything was beautiful, and there were no germs of disease. Guiltily she remembered Little Hu, and thought of the others, working, toiling. Ought she to have left without first getting approval from the Party?

Her aunt strolled into the room, smoking a silver-mounted water-pipe. She began chattering at random, but gradually came round to the subject of her school friends. One had to choose one's company carefully these days, but Sang Hwa had a good fellow in that youth called Liu.

'He's quite a friend of yours, isn't he?'

'Yes, we are comrades.'

The old lady, her gold teeth flash-

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ing, began a long eulogy of his charms. He was certainly handsome, he was brilliant, he had a winning manner, and all in all (judging from what she said) he was perhaps the most attractive young man she had ever met. She searched for more subtle and effective encomiums, and watched her niece keenly, to see what her expression revealed.

Sang Hwa smiled as if highly pleased, but inwardly she thought: 'Don't imagine you are going to find out anything from me. I think I shall just hold on to this Li Ssu-yi and keep him out of your reach.'

When her aunt had left, she threw her stockings angrily on a chair and said again: 'I shall hold on to him.'

There were, however, but two weeks left, and after that, she knew, she must return to work, to the Revolution, and to a covert existence. Back there her individuality would cease to be a reality; she would again become but an atom in a movement that had its absolute in masses of men and was concerned with the individual only as a conscious thought in an organism infinitely greater than any single ego. Back there with her comrades she would again have to be very careful, not only against sickness, but against the Terror—arrest, imprisonment, or worse still, having her soft legs and body crushed in torture.

'Live in pain, die in pain!'

Why should she go back? She was not indispensable, and somehow now she no longer felt any interest in that work. But how they would despise her if she broke away! She could hear them saying of her: 'Little Sang Hwa, who sold herself to the big-bellied sugar merchant! Ha!' She frowned angrily and told herself that she ought not to think about them at all, not for another two weeks anyway. And yet . . .

'Could they ever forgive me,' she asked aloud, 'if I gave up? Could Lien Wen-kan?'

She thought that perhaps they had already expelled her. If so, good. 'Good!' she said with an air of finality, as if to convince herself that it was already true. She sat motionless for a while, and the expression on her face was one of extreme perplexity.

VI

Presently she went into the tiled bath and stood before the long mirror, looking first at her face, and then down the gentle curves of her body that spun silkily up from the floor to her gleaming hair. She moved her hips in a slow arc and she lifted her arms gracefully above her head. For several minutes she stood thoughtlessly, admiring the figure before her as she might have gazed in detachment at an exquisite thing of art.

'What is it all for?' she suddenly asked herself.

Those soft rounded shoulders, the tragic beauty of those high-arched breasts, and glistening down from them, that swift line to the firm ivory thighs! Was it fair to this perfect body, to herself, to nature, to hide a work of such splendor in darkness, risk it in perhaps altogether useless ventures, expose it to barbaric tortures? Her eyes were dazzled with the wonder of it; she had forgotten how magnificent her body was. She put her hands over her face and felt her temples throb. When she looked in the mirror again, she was impressed with that exquisite line that seemed like a long note of music, clinging from breast to thigh.

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She began to analyze this form of art in terms of æsthetics, breaking it into parts.

'Parts?' If the Terror got hold of her, how many parts would she be cut into? She shuddered.

Her face burned and she moved over to bathe it, first in hot water, then in cold. She drenched all the powder, all the cream, all the mascara and lipstick, and they slid away, leaving just a plain oval. This was the face she wore among the women laborers, when she did organizational work: no paint at all, and even her shaved eyebrows left completely bald. She looked at herself again, and again she thought of her comrades and of their tall dreams. She felt a blush of shame creep over her, and was indignant because of it.

She wanted to smash something, to protest with physical action. Why could she not break away from them? She pictured Lien Wen-kan before her, and angrily she cried aloud: 'Be it good or bad, I have only one life, and only one choice for it! You can condemn me as you please, I am not going to risk this body, expose it to torture. I can't stand it!'

Everyone had the free will to turn, this way or that, why should not she have it?

She rushed from the bathroom into her boudoir and lay down heavily on the bed. Her heart pounded, and her temples seemed to leap out, they beat so hard. She put her chilled hands against her hot face. She could not think through to a conclusion; every statement posed another and brought its own denial. Finally she centered her wrath on Wen-kan as an individual.

In the next room she heard her aunt's voice suddenly raised in conversation with her daughter, Pao Chen. She seemed to be complaining about Li Ssu-yi's attentions to Sang Hwa.

'So Pao Chen still wants to sell herself to him,' she thought. 'I think not. It is very bad for young women to sell themselves to fat old men. Hmm. I shall not let him go.'

But how could she prevent it? Accept him herself, marry him? Before her she saw a multiple row of protruding bellies, and jutting teeth. She saw Li Ssu-yi absently scratching his head, heard the dull heaviness of his voice, with every word interminably emphasized. The effect of thinking of him as a whole was like a dose of castor beans. To yield to those short fat arms, to be pressed close to that round little belly —castor beans.

VII

For the next five or six days she could not satisfy her conscience about Wen-kan and the others, and she remained depressed. She seemed to hear them making fun of her, laughing with great amusement over her attachment to her rich and sentimental donkey. They did not understand her, she told herself, whenever the cynical smile of Wen-kan rose up before her. She even began to sympathize with Li Ssu-yi, who so often made the same complaint against the world; it was probably true that few people really understood him.

At last she decided to have a thorough talk with Lien Wen-kan.

When she reached the house, she was very excited. She paused a moment to still her heart, before mounting the ladder-like stairs to the room. Mentally she phrased her opening remarks. Out of that familiar door a

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strange face poked itself, looking at her suspiciously.

'Who d'ya want?'

'Mr. Liu—isn't there a Mr. Liu?'

'No Liu in this house.'

She climbed down and left hurriedly, with an uncomfortable feeling that she was being watched, and perhaps followed.

But she did not give up the search. She went from one place to another, looking for former comrades. They had all left, and everywhere she encountered suspicious eyes. At last she did find Wang Chao-ti, formerly a close friend. He did not show any pleasure at meeting her but simply listened coldly to what she had to say. He answered her questions briefly and noncommittally. Exasperated, she grabbed his shoulder and shook him. She put her face close to his and demanded in a quaking voice:—

'Chao-ti, am I poison? Where is Wen-kan living now? Why won't you tell me? You have nothing to fear from me. Tell me, where is he? I have something important to say to him and I must find him.'

He smiled with the corner of his mouth and looked at her impudently. 'I really don't know.'

She had an almost uncontrollable desire to beat him, to knock the information from him. Then she thought of embracing him, or hanging on to him, weeping, begging him not to forsake her. But she only stood looking at him for a while in silent fury, and then she choked down her tears and left.

'It is not I who am to blame now,' she kept repeating to herself. 'It is they who have abandoned me.'

Three days later she came once more to Chao-ti's place, and handed him a three-thousand-character letter, asking him to deliver it to Lien Wen-kan. It was a thick heavy package very firmly sealed on the outside with the initials, *S.H.*

She spent two nights composing this document.

It began with a careful analysis of her temperament, which, she pointed out, was in many ways unique: she was unlike other women. She proved beyond doubt that her spirit was not suited to revolutionary work, that the atmosphere of struggle did not fit in with her philosophy of life. She explained just what the latter was: it involved the right to live gladly in such freedom as she herself could find. She had discovered that human beings were given but one life, and somehow she was unable to find any justification in history for believing that men afterward would worry about how she had used it. But even without this conflict with her philosophy which the work involved, had they not been the first to abandon her? She did not in a single line suggest that she had fled, or that they might have had cause to worry over possible betrayal at her hands. But now that it was all over, she wanted them to understand her philosophy, that was all. It was not that she was afraid to die, but that she was eager to live. Finally, she begged Lien Wen-kan to be careful, and she promised that she would remember him for ever. She was even willing always to keep up their personal friendship, if it pleased him.

Sang Hwa was not happy. Even after she had written this letter she could not forget Wen-kan and she kept thinking: 'Never again to see him? Never?'

Her life-problems were by no means

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solved. She could not much longer go on living in her aunt's house—Pao Chen's jealousy was becoming unbearable—and yet she was determined not to go back to her own poor home. The month which she had set for herself must see some kind of way out!

She felt carried resistlessly on the broad expanse of a great sea, with not a shore anywhere in sight. The break from the one thing that for a while had given meaning to her life left her now without any course or aim, without any chart, drifting purposelessly . . .

In such a mood she saw Li Ssu-yi.

She looked once more at the little circle of baldness on his head, she considered the oily, well-fed face, and she gazed a long time at the unfortunate teeth. She tried to convince herself that these were but minor details, that love could in fact glorify them, and she repeated to herself over and over: 'I do love him, I *love* him.' Yet when she fell into his arms, when his big mouth sought and covered hers and he sighed into her, she could not escape the feeling that this was a bad-tasting medicine she was taking in atonement for some crime against herself.

'Whew!'

'Sang Hwa,' he proposed, 'let's get married right away—before I leave for Nanyang! What do you say?'

She drew a long breath. 'I have no opinion in the matter.'

He leaned forward hungrily, touched his lips to hers, and kept them there for several minutes. When at last he drew away, he was red-faced and panting. He gazed passionately at her and his eyes came wide open with a light of happiness. Unconsciously he put his fat hand to his hair.

Suddenly Sang Hwa buried her face in the divan and began to sob.

'Why, what's the matter?' he asked, astonished. 'What is it?'

After a long time she lifted her head and her face was stained with tears. Nevertheless she forced it into a bewitching smile and put her cheek against his.

'Nothing,' she said. 'I am simply too happy.'

VIII

The face of the lake before Mrs. Li Ssu-yi's rambling summer home grew pale under the softening sky. A few boats sailed by in the moon-bathed night, and the place was touched with a melancholy glamour.

Sang Hwa, standing beside the window, had not moved for a long time, nor had she answered any of her cousin's questions. The lake breeze blew strong now and the song of the minstrel crowded into the room. He was singing *Sad Vistas*. Why did he always come back to that song? It made her think of Wen-kan. What had become of him?

'Have you had a letter recently from him?' her cousin suddenly asked.

'Who?' Sang Hwa was startled.

'Your husband, of course.'

'Oh.' She blushed. 'Yes, of course.'

She turned back abruptly and tossed her head, lifting her neck so full of poise and grace. Walking over to her cousin, she looked at her with that captivating smile for which she had become celebrated, and spoke to her in that soft voice of the very gentle lady.

'Let us go out for a sail under the moon, cousin. We will take along two bottles of wine—one for each of us, so? Come on, hurry, we will get grandly drunk!'

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A Paris newspaper woman describes the once gay city of Vienna under Schuschnigg's clerico-Fascist dictatorship, and a long popular German author writes a 'silhouette' of contemporary Milan.

The Camera Eye

I. Vienna—1936

By Suzanne Collette

Translated from the *Lumière*, Paris Radical Weekly

ANYONE who crosses the frontier of Austria today will soon see many tangible signs of the profound changes that have taken place in that country since 1934. These changes are symbolized by the new coins which have lately been put into circulation. The Austrian monetary unit, the schilling, once bore a relief of the parliament buildings and the legend *Republic of Austria*. Both of these have disappeared, with the institutions they used to represent. They have been replaced, one by the single word *Austria*, the other by the figure *1*, overlaid by two ears of wheat hanging from their stalks almost as though they were breaking. Playing on the two homonyms—*Ähre*, meaning ear of wheat, and *Ehre*, meaning honor—the Viennese, who, for lack of any other, still retain the privilege of joking about their misfortunes, have dubbed the new schilling 'our broken honor.' As for the five schilling piece, it represents the famous Mariazell Madonna, surmounted by these words: *Magna Mater Austriae*—Great Mother of Austria. These two coins in themselves represent the whole program of the present Austrian government.

Poverty! Once again it is the *Leitmotiv* of Austrian life. In Vienna I saw it as soon as I had left the station. Shall I ever be able to forget the expression of despair and indignation on the face of the taxi driver who took me to my hotel? 'Nobody here has any money,' he said. 'At least not the working people. We are just about ready to pass out from hunger.'

This remark is borne out at every step by the sights one sees on the streets: beggars, grown numerous and pitiful; restaurants where Government employees and *petits bourgeois* gobble down meals costing one-and-a-half

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schillings (28¢)—meals which obviously do not satisfy their appetites; cafés where people buy one or two cigarettes at a time. One must have looked closely at the mournful faces, passed through the sad streets, felt upon one's shoulders the oppressive weight of the atmosphere, which resembles that of 1922 or 1923 rather than that of the sprightly, gay and visibly relieved Vienna which greeted one in 1927; one must have heard, for example, a former high official of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy explaining gravely that by walking another twenty minutes you can save the ten Groschen which you would otherwise have to pay for the tramway—one must have seen and heard these things fully to understand the poignant realities behind the statement which Rost van Tonningen, the financial delegate of the League of Nations, made in his recent official report: 'To be sure, the Austrian budget is balanced, and the economic situation is, on the whole, better. But this result could only have been obtained by the enormous sacrifices which have been imposed on the populace.'

Chancellor Schuschnigg, official Grand Master of the Patriotic Front, former pupil of the Jesuits, and a thousand times shrewder and more fanatical than 'that peasant Dollfuss,' has now completed Austria's moral enslavement. Which proves that in all countries no one can beat the professional patriots in playing traitor to their native land. 'They have robbed us of our honor,' I was told by many Viennese, in whom I found the spirit of Austrian independence very much alive, and who did not seem any more inclined to fall under Prussian rule than to obey the Pope and Mussolini.

It is well known that the Patriotic Front is the only political organization that is permitted in Austria today, the Government's only source of support. How strong is this group? It comprises, at the most, one-tenth of the entire Austrian population, as I was assured over and over again.

If one realizes that all the employees of both State and local governments, all organizations having any connection with the State, and all the industrial and commercial interests are obliged to enroll in the Patriotic Front, one wonders who its spontaneous followers really are! The members of the Patriotic Front are required to wear their insignia. Well, although I saw the imposing edifice in Vienna which serves as headquarters of the national organization, it is a fact that, in Salzburg, in the streets of Vienna, in the restaurants and movies, in the crowds that take their Sunday walks in the Wiener Wald, I had to make a real effort, and peer closely at many buttonholes, to find even a few of the sacred emblems.

II

Chancellor Schuschnigg himself has no illusions about his popularity. 'The fewer my supporters the more authority for me,' he said recently, in a moment of rage. He is opposed by nine-tenths of the Austrian populace. And he knows it. That is why he stubbornly refuses to hold an election.

By what paradox does he manage to keep himself in power? Because he seeks support from outside, from Mussolini and the Vatican; and because the opposition to him is divided into two irreconcilable factions: the Nazis on the one hand and the workers' forces on the other.

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The Nazi opposition includes some rather incongruous elements. Some, though not Socialists, are yet not *ipso facto* Hitlerites. Above all they are hostile to the Schuschnigg Government and the Church. One finds among them that part of the middle class, intellectual or otherwise, which hopes thus to defend its privileges against the working class. Others, predominantly the agrarian circles of the Tyrol, Carinthia and Styria, do not consider themselves convinced Nazis except insofar as 'Nazism' seems to them to be opposed to 'Marxism,' and their interests as peasants opposed to those of the urban workers.

As for the Nazis pure and simple, they have been both surprised and disappointed by the agreement of July 11. They feel that Hitler has prevented them from seizing power in Austria as they expected to do.

And as for the opposition of the workers, it remains compact, disciplined, irreducible, despite the political and economic terror that hangs over it. There, too, Socialists and Communists have achieved unity of action. If, since the terrible events of 1934, a certain number of Socialists have gone over to Communism, and others, terrified, have dropped out of sight, yet one may say that the Austrian Socialist Party, though an illegal organization which is hunted out relentlessly, still has two-thirds of its former members, who are closely knit together in misfortune, and united for action.

The people of Vienna have retained their sympathy, nay, their affection, for the Socialist Party. And even if they do not dare to show it themselves, at least they do not hide their joy whenever the Socialist opposition is openly expressed. A former representative of the Party told me how, as she was crossing the street one day, a stranger came up to her—a sympathizer, perhaps even a former supporter—shook her hand, and greeted her in a low voice with the touching password of the Austrian Socialists, '*Freundschaft*—friendship!'

Narrow though the limits in which the dictatorship allows it to move may be, the Socialist opposition still exists; it snatches eagerly at every opportunity to make itself felt. Sometimes the Socialists combat the Government's coercive measures with an impenetrable wall of inertia—as, indeed, does the larger part of the Austrian people. Sometimes they become sly, malicious and witty in their attacks, to the great despair of the Viennese police. I shall deliberately avoid saying anything about the martyrdom of some of their militant members, for whose present plight your heart aches, remembering them as they were, full of joy at the realization of their ideal. You leave them with a lively admiration for their smiling courage and their quiet daring.

Passive resistance? To give an example: the heads of business concerns and the directors of the public utilities and other services were ordered to sell copies of the Fascist national anthem to their employees, at the price of 2 Groschen a copy (it is the old national anthem of the Monarchy, with new words). In a factory of eight thousand workers, only two copies were sold in four weeks, and that in the face of repeated and threatening demands!

Is it a question of compulsory participation in a Patriotic Front parade or a religious procession? They set out in a body, under the eyes of the super-

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visors. But along the way the participants mysteriously disappear, one by one—so that the parade or procession winds up with only a remnant of its former strength.

Wit and daring? In a workers' section the Patriotic Front puts up an immense streamer announcing some celebration or other. Overnight the streamer is mysteriously replaced by another ridiculing the Patriotic Front. At the ceremonies gotten up to meet the Olympic Torch on its passage from Greece to Berlin last summer, suddenly and as if by magic there appeared on the chairs, at the feet, even on the heads, of the authorities and the dignitaries on the platform, 'throw-aways' bearing the three arrows of the Socialists and the words: 'In France Léon Blum is in power; in Austria Socialists are in prison.'

You say these are lame protests, devoid of practical value? Not at all. They give proof of the vitality of the opposition, and serve to keep it alive for the better days to come. One must realize just what they mean in a country where every action or even any suspicion of hostility toward the régime in power is punished rigorously and pitilessly. An active party member may be put away in the Wollersdorf concentration camp for an indefinite period simply for having written that, being a Socialist, he will remain one 'no matter what happens.' Any person found carrying an 'illegal paper' gets at least six months in prison, and six more if he distributes the paper or drops it on the ground.

'So that,' a young Viennese told me, in his picturesque accent, 'there is nothing for me to do but swallow the paper if I don't want to serve twelve months in prison.' Every delinquent is punished twice for the same act: he incurs the administrative penalty and also the judicial.

It goes without saying that any self-respecting dictatorship will not accord the same treatment to both the Hitlerites and the Marxists, even though both belong to illegal organizations. In Austria the same offense may mean four months of incarceration for a Nazi and about five years for a Socialist.

'Justice no longer exists here. The only law is the arbitrary will of the Government. My Austrian conscience makes me blush at this, for what is happening here is a disgrace. Tell your countrymen that it is Metternich's system brought up to date: police chicanery, suppression of all freedom of thought, black reaction, the Church—everywhere, over and above all else, the Church! What if I do belong to the so-called 'good bourgeois' class? If I were not seventy-five years old, alas, I should be among those who would run to the barricades to overthrow such a Government.' These were the words of a venerable old man; and he was not a Socialist.

III

What has happened to Vienna's famous social institutions, which the Socialists created, and which commanded the admiration of the whole world? The town council named by the Government, which succeeded the Socialist one, removed and imprisoned in 1934, took two years to repair the damage done to the workers' apartment houses by Chancellor Dollfuss's bombardments. But it has not quite dared to demolish them completely. It has merely altered their character profoundly. In the first place, the

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rents have been increased by a third, sometimes even doubled, at the very time when the Draconian cutting of salaries and unemployment doles has reduced Vienna's working class to misery. Then workers' families suspected of coolness toward the Government and the Catholic Church are being constantly expelled from their quarters and replaced by 'right-thinking' families. The vast municipal housing program has been abandoned. Instead, they are following a policy of 'one family houses'—and even that on a very modest scale. It is easier to get the better of a small group than of thousands of men and women all living in the same workers' block.

That incomparable institution, the children's home, in which all abandoned, sick and neglected children were cared for, given clothes, and then sent on to whatever public educational establishment best fitted their aptitudes—this institution now admits only the children of tractable parents, or those intended for religious establishments. In contrast to the present, it is pleasant to remember the time when the Socialist municipal Government used to hail the birth of every Viennese child, no matter what its origins, with official congratulations to the mother and the gift of a layette marked with the city's coat of arms.

I saw the pitiful queue of the needy at the public soup-kitchens in the workers' sections. Anyone who wants to have access to them must take good care to hide any Marxist tendencies he may have, and would do well to put in an appearance at mass in his district. Nothing is more revolting than the way in which the fear of hunger is used in Austria to apply pressure to the people; it is felt, in varying degrees, by the working people and those of modest means.

Hypocrisy and brutality, an atmosphere heavy with uncertainty—such is the general impression one carries away from Vienna. As for the Austrian people, what will happen to them tomorrow? They ask the question anxiously themselves, the more so since the events in Spain. The only hope that is left for them comes from Paris. And if we French are stirred when we learn this, we ought to be all the more ashamed to hear it said again and again in Vienna that no embassy or legation there shows its sympathy for the Schuschnigg Government more flagrantly, no other makes such a pretence of ignoring or despising the true sentiments of the Austrian people, than the French Embassy.

II. Impressions of Milan

By Herbert Eulenberg

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

ONE feels about this city as one does about most things in life. The better one knows it, the more one loves it. But one must forget the impression Milan makes on every newly-arrived stranger. Like stony monsters, the city's tall tenement houses leap into view from afar. The new railway station resembles the one in Leipzig. 'Can this be the south?' the stranger

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thinks again and again. 'Can this be the entrance to the land where oranges bloom?' Then, on the broad square he sees the gigantic and, for the most part, unfinished sky-scrapers rearing up in front of this monster, decked with heavy coats of arms and symbols carved in stone. And again the newcomer to Italy is compelled to think: 'Am I in some newly built city in California, or a settlement in Alaska in the gold-rush days?' But no. From all sides street cars with their Italian signs come rattling in on him. As they make very short stops, anyone who does not get in or out quickly finds his coat-tails caught and held by the rapidly opening and closing doors.

Thus with his very first steps in this land of beauty one learns that the days of sweet idleness are over for Italy and that the American tempo has taken hold of this country and this people, too. The lesson is driven home by the continuous blows of the riveting hammers with which the unfinished skeletons of the sky-scrapers near the station are being erected. Here is the new Italy confronting you; ceaselessly they drum it into your consciousness.

Seen on the map, this stretch from the station to the cathedral (the center of the city) does not seem very long. But woe to him who has let himself in for doing it on foot! He will rue this venture more than once on his way. For it is the most tiresome and, for that reason, seemingly the longest stretch that Milan has to offer. Most people can stand it only as far as the old moat which girdles the city; once there, they rush for one of the numerous street cars, where they are coolly received by the conductor and the other passengers. For you do not meet the sunny Italian laughter until you get further south. Here it is not yet in evidence.

Nevertheless the cathedral square makes up for a lot—one might say for everything. One may naturally object to the wedding-cake architecture of the cathedral. I know that. And yet this labyrinthine building, which lies there like a tortoise, or rather like a hedgehog with all its quills on end, again and again makes a tremendous impression on me. And this is not only in the moonlight, when the white edifice stands there like a silent fairy tale from the east which has somehow fallen into this new and noisy city. As for the powerful interior of this cathedral, let nobody dare say anything against it! Of course there are snobs who, when somebody praises the Milan cathedral, say: 'Ah, but that is nothing compared to St. Ambrogio, with its wonderful inner court! Haven't you seen it? And Santa Maria delle Grazie, with its rich exterior ornamentation! And the Bramante dome! What is this overloaded cathedral in comparison but a heap of white marble?' But I insist. I know no other place in the world, neither the Piazza San Marco in Venice nor the Piazza della Signoria in Florence, over which I would rather muse than this square before the Milan cathedral, particularly at twilight, and even more so at night. For in it medieval and modern times, the silent marble flanks of the cathedral and the brand-new façades of the modern houses opposite, seem to blend together as if in a dream, shining in the many-colored, constantly moving electric advertisements. One can hover there for hours between the sixteenth and twentieth centuries, between Tibaldi and Edi-

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son, and meditate over that short span of time in western civilization.

It was not only the works of art which Stendhal treasured most in this city. For, when compared to the treasures of the Uffizi, the Brera Museum in Milan, which has so many unimportant and meaningless pieces, seems to offer little enough. As for antiquities, Milan, which was completely sacked by Barbarossa in 1162, has as good as nothing to offer. Also the immediate surroundings are not particularly pleasant. The city has had a fate similar to that of my native Rhineland city of Cologne, for whose greatest blessing the automobile was invented. For now outings can be arranged from Milan in no time—expeditions to Pavia and its famous Carthusian monastery, and particularly to Como, with its lovely lake, only fifty kilometers away.

What an epicurean and lover of beauty like Stendhal must have liked most in Milan was what today still distinguishes this city from other Italian cities: its worldliness, its elegance, its gentility, its lust for life. Even today one can feel this quality on gala nights at the Opera, where the best voices in the world ring out before a select and beautifully attired audience; and afterward, when one goes to Cova for an ice or a light supper—or to one of the enticing restaurants in the Galleria, that most beautiful and impressive European shopping section, about which the Milanese say that if Stendhal had only known it, he certainly would never have left the city. For even in winter or in bad weather this gigantic glass arcade conjures up a bit of Italy as the other Europeans imagine it: Italy, in which it is never cold, and where it never rains, in which one can sit outdoors at all hours and enjoy life by gazing at one's surroundings. The cathedral square and the entrance to the Galleria always seem like a beehive. There are dandies and beautiful women galore strolling in front of glittering jewelry shops; and the street peddlers, who always have something new to hawk, see to it that the ear as well as the eye is entertained.

But the connoisseurs of Milan seek out these wonders only occasionally. Like Leonardo da Vinci, whose statue, surrounded by his pupils, stands before the Scala like a patron saint of the city, they love quiet and secrecy. One can seek out one of those small hostelries in the Piazza de' Mercanti. These are not mentioned in Baedeker, but Manzoni used to nurse his sick stomach here, until, at the age of 88, he died not far away. And there Verdi, the temperate, used to marvel at his publisher's appetite. Here, in full view of the ancient Milanese palaces, even the stranger feels an inkling of the spirit of the city—the city which possesses the greatest number of bookstores of any in Italy, and which is still the center of the intellectual life of the country.

One begins to understand the pride of the Lombards in this city which has survived everything—ruin, collapse and decay—and which nevertheless still grows and increases in population. And one finally understands Stendhal, whose 'Beylism,' whose artistic isolation in pursuit of beauty, had its roots and its flowering here in Milan, and who at the end of his earthly course commanded: 'Carve on my tombstone in Montmartre, "A Milanese, he wrote, he loved, he lived."'

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A British naval expert tells of the improvement Germany has made in the submarine, now a more dangerous weapon than ever; and a Frenchman writes of the air activities of Soviet Russia.

Peace *on* Earth

I. Germany Perfects the Submarine

By Hector C. Bywater

From the *Daily Telegraph*, London Conservative Daily

After years of research and experiment German engineers have evolved a single-power plant which is said to drive a submarine with equal facility on the surface and under water. The effects of this innovation on the construction and operation of submarines promise to be far-reaching.

For obvious reasons the British public is keenly, not to say painfully, interested in everything that pertains to the progress of the submarine arm. Though it is nearly eighteen years since the last merchant vessel was sent to the bottom by U-boat attack, the sequelæ to that terrific under-sea offensive have not yet ceased to react on the world's economic system.

It is the factor primarily responsible for the relative shrinkage of the British mercantile marine, since but for the wholesale destruction of carrying tonnage in 1914–18 other nations would never have been impelled to embark on the vast programs of new construction which eventually overcrowded the sea with ships and created that surplus tonnage, the continued existence of which still prevents the restoration of a normal balance between world tonnage and world trade.

In every chronicle of the Great War stress is rightly laid on Britain's narrow escape from catastrophe through the German U-boat campaign. Those of the War generation scarcely need to be reminded how near we were brought to complete disaster by this new method of sea warfare, but it may

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be salutary to recall some telling facts and figures.

From first to last, enemy submarines destroyed 11,153,000 tons of merchant shipping. Great Britain alone lost 2,099 ships of 6,635,059 tons gross, together with 578 fishing craft of 57,853 tons, and with these vessels there perished nearly 13,000 civilian seafarers. A further 1,727 British ships of 7,335,827 tons were damaged and put out of action for long or short periods by the under-sea raiders. In addition, 349 British warships and naval auxiliaries succumbed to submarine attack.

The most critical year was 1917, during which U-boats reduced British shipping by nearly 4,000,000 tons.

In the single month of April we lost 516,394 tons, while the total reduction in world shipping during those terrible four weeks was not far short of 900,000 tons. Had shipping losses continued at the same rate for a few months longer nothing could have saved the Allied cause from collapse. On that point there is universal agreement.

Ever since the War Great Britain has consistently urged the abolition of the submarine on the grounds that it cannot be employed with maximum effect without infringing the law of nations. But in spite of the eventual adhesion of the United States to this thesis, the movement has made no progress. On the contrary, internationally speaking, the submarine stands in higher favor than ever. The boats now afloat exceed by hundreds the pre-War total, and large programs of new construction are in process of execution by almost every maritime Power, great or small.

Nevertheless, until quite recently there seemed no reason for supposing that the submarine in future wars would be so dreaded a weapon as it became in 1914–18. Naval students predicted that in any future conflict the power of the submarine would be definitely circumscribed, first by the perfection of counter-tactics—such as the prompt adoption of convoy for mercantile traffic and the use of highly efficient methods of submarine detection—and secondly, by reason of the fact that the submarine itself had apparently undergone no technical improvement of note.

Apart from its restricted vision and low speed when below the surface, it was still handicapped by the necessity of having a dual system of propulsion, one plant for use on the surface and another and entirely different plant for driving the vessel when under water.

II

Until quite lately every submarine in existence was equipped with heavy-oil Diesel engines for surface propulsion, and with electric motors and storage batteries for submerged navigation. This double plant was necessitated by the fact that were the Diesel engines to be run when the boat was submerged, and therefore hermetically sealed, all the air would be consumed in a few seconds.

Many experiments were conducted with Diesel engines working on the closed cycle system, in which the exhaust gases are drawn into the cylinder and used over again by the admixture of oxygen to produce an explosive mixture, but no satisfactory result was attained.

Consequently the dual drive seemed destined to remain in perpetuity, and the power plant of every submarine

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continued to be represented by a Diesel engine, an electric motor, and a propeller on one continuous line of shafting, with couplings in between, thus enabling the propeller to be turned either by the oil-engine or the motor.

One of the chief drawbacks of this system is the large proportion of weight and space that is put to unprofitable use.

For example, when running on the surface the boat gains no advantage from her storage batteries and electric motors, which account for nearly one-fifth of the displacement. Conversely, when the vessel is traveling submerged, her Diesel engines, amounting to 8 per cent of her total weight, are a useless drag on her speed.

Clearly, therefore, the substitution of a single power plant for the dual system would greatly increase the efficiency of the submarine, enabling her to be reduced in size without any forfeiture of military efficiency, or, alternatively, rendering possible an improvement in speed, or radius of action, or armament, or a proportionate increase in all three.

Today the single power plant is an actuality, and is already installed as a prime mover in many of the thirty-six submarines which Germany has built to date.

Involving no new mechanical complication, it is merely a question of running the Diesel engine, when the boat is submerged, on a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen instead of on oil fuel.

At present the gaseous fuel is stored in flasks under high pressure, and a sufficient quantity can be carried to give the boat a radius of action said to be approximately equal to that which it would possess if it were operating on electricity.

As the electric motors and storage batteries have become superfluous they have been removed, leaving ample space and margin of weight for gas storage.

III

This, however, is claimed to be only a beginning. New submarines of larger tonnage have been designed to generate their own supply of gas by means of a high-pressure electrolyzer which, by passing direct current through distilled water, produces gaseous fuel in the correct proportion, that is, two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen. Each submarine will carry a supply of distilled water, which can be replenished at will by direct distillation from sea water by means of the new '*Osmose*' process.

It seems evident that if this system proves feasible, submarines so equipped will possess a radius of action much superior to that of existing boats and will be far less dependent on shore bases. Moreover there should be a marked gain in under-water speed, a point of supreme importance in relation to tactical efficiency.

So far, however, the German claims have not been fully accepted by British experts, who point out that the weight of the electrolyzer would exceed that of an electrical plant—storage batteries and motor—of equivalent or superior driving power. On this technical question there is a conflict of opinion between British authorities and the German inventors, and until the feasibility of applying the new system to large, ocean-going submarines has been demonstrated,

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the British Admiralty's attitude is likely to be one of watchful waiting.

That it has already proved its efficiency in small submarines is not denied. Revolutionary changes often spring from small beginnings, and the mere fact that the principal mechanical handicap from which the submarine has always suffered has at last been overcome, even if but partially, is extremely significant.

During this year's meeting of the British Association speakers have lamented that the best brains in many countries should now be devoted to the perfection of destructive weapons. Unfortunately, the very difficulties inherent in submarine navigation constitute a challenge to the scentific mind, without whose ardent coöperation the under-sea boat could never have become formidable. As it is, this sinister arm appears to be entering upon a new stage of development which promises to make it more potent, and therefore more deadly, than ever before.

It is clear, at all events, that the submarine menace is still a factor to be reckoned with, and one that must be taken into full account by those responsible for British naval policy.

II. Soviet Ceiling

By Henry Andraud

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

HOW good is the Soviet air force? This is a question which has often been asked. We wanted to see for ourselves. And we were permitted to do so—all facilities were provided us, all doors were opened to us, and with the best of grace.

Gone are the times when General Kovenko, charged by an Imperial ukase to provide airplanes, sweated to rouse the heavy, improbable machines out of their lethargy. They finally flew up—in smoke—only when the authorities had despaired of getting any results and were forced to burn them to get rid of them. That was around 1910. The War came, and Russia, which had no aeronautical industry, had to be content with materials provided entirely by France. Her own concerns were limited to a few assembly plants. At the close of hostilities the army had at its disposal around three hundred machines; but they were of thirty different types, and there was a shortage of motors.

Aviation played no rôle in the Civil War. The period of organization began in 1923. The year 1925 saw the Soviet Government in full control of the situation, with many ships and motors of foreign make at its disposal. But in spite of all its efforts it did not succeed in manufacturing them at home. It then turned to the German house of Junkers, which it commissioned to create a national industry. But this soon ended in a rupture, as this firm had no wish to create future competition for itself. The Government then resolved to bring into being at all costs the industry which it considered indispensable to its existence.

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That was in 1930. Today this industry employs approximately 250,000 workers. But this figure, eloquent though it is, will not answer all our questions. We know that there is a great aviation industry in the U.S.S.R. How good is it technically? What is its output? What is the quality of its production? And how about the personnel, which was called together so hastily to run it?

II

The old Moscow exists no longer. The only vestiges of its past—remains which are still respected and are left to sleep in their mute splendor—are the Kremlin and the Red Square, where Lenin, emaciated and poignant, sleeps in his glass coffin, watched over by his people every day. Around them there towers an American city bristling with scaffolds. And the crowd which mills in its streets has no capacity for the calm digestion, the bourgeois satiety or the sartorial elegance of those more fortunate countries which have had the luck to escape a civil war coming on the heels of a foreign War which in its turn succeeded years of misery.

And through this great body flows youth, like generous blood. All possible care and attention are lavished upon that youth. They burn with ardent faith. The authorities have directed their need for enthusiasm and for sacrifice toward aviation. And they have thrown themselves wholeheartedly into aviation. Every gymnastic center, every park, every place of importance has its 'tower,' from which children and adolescents, and even adults, never tire of hurling themselves into space, supported by a parachute whose descent is controlled and slowed down by a cable.

In a Moscow suburb which has been transformed into an immense factory we visited the buildings of the central departments of the *Ossoaviakhim* (Society for the Promotion of Self-defence and the Aero-Chemical Industry). *Ossoaviakhim* could be called a federation of airplane clubs. It consists of one hundred and fifty such clubs, which number nine thousand pupils and 30 million followers. To this must be added the factories, syndicates and other bodies which are all included in that organization. The pupils devote their time to the study of aeronautical science, training and propaganda. They have at their disposal lecture halls provided with the most modern facilities, beautifully equipped laboratories and moving picture halls designed for education as much as for recreation. In the great buildings there are, too, quiet corners, spacious and well-lighted rest rooms which are reserved for the pilots who are getting ready for a flight.

In Moscow alone five hundred young people, recruited among the flower of the working classes, follow the courses after work. In the past twelve months six thousand diplomas were awarded throughout the Union. As one can see, the number is impressive.

'But what are you going to do with this multitude of pilots?' I asked General Eidemann, who, at forty-two, commands an army regiment and presides over the *Ossoaviakhim*.

'The best of them will become military pilots, test pilots or transport pilots. Others will remain workers, with the privilege of devoting themselves regularly to their favorite sport

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and training themselves in it. We calculate that in case of war we must have at least five men as possible replacements for every flyer of the first rank.'

'And how do you select them?'

'Through a special commission which judges the applicants according to their performance, their knowledge and their moral qualities.'

Gliders are very popular. They are considered to be very economical, not dangerous, and excellent for producing good pilots. A very active group of glider flyers is connected with the aviation center. There is also a group of parachutists, whose exploits we had occasion to admire. Great numbers of young girls are passionate aviation addicts.

Great pilots are widely honored. Their names and pictures are published everywhere. The Government has awarded eight citizens the title of *Heroes of the Soviet Union*. All eight are aviators. We could see the fervent admiration lavished upon Slepnev, the rescuer of the *Chelyuskin* expedition, who was our very pleasant companion and devoted cicerone. Everywhere posters and placards invite young people to learn to know the joys of aviation and to 'do their air duty.'

Some of these are of a military nature: they show imposing air fleets repulsing an invasion by swastika-bearing enemies. They say: 'The Red air force is the mighty defender of the pacific peoples of the Union.'

In the magnificent Pioneer-Palace of Kharkhov, which is visited by thousands of children, whom some five hundred monitors undertake to entertain and instruct, with an ingenuity and taste which are truly extraordinary—in this building we were able to see, in the games of the younger children, as well as in the work of the older ones, the place that aviation has assumed in their minds.

III

The people gather periodically at the great aerial exhibitions. We had a chance to be present at one of them, held near Moscow. The spectacle was an admirably conducted and imposing one. At least five hundred thousand people came. From the early morning on, trains which literally had to be taken by assault, and which carried clusters of humanity even on the locomotives, poured out further mobs of spectators. Under the burning sun the pedestrians marched in long files along the six kilometers of the road leading from the city to the Tushino field. They piled into the immense area around the track and stayed there until evening. Seventeen hours later, when the program was almost over, more of them arrived.

First came a solid procession of light planes, piloted by worker pilots. Then came the heavy bombing planes, each one towing one or two gliders. Other gliders gave an aerobatic exhibition which was a great success. After this special groups demonstrated their ability in sudden machine gun attacks, filling the field with smoke—perfumed smoke in this case. The airplane ANT 25, piloted by Chaloff, and another one, a breaker of altitude records, were cheered enthusiastically.

Military games followed. Heavy bombers, machine-gun planes, attacking planes and pursuit planes succeeded one another in attack and de-

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fence of a railroad station, which was luckily a mere stage set and which finally flared up as it was supposed to do.

The exercises of the higher school of aeronautics revealed to us the high qualities of both materials and personnel. Parades and processions, all proceeding in impeccable order, fired the crowd to new enthusiasm. But the main event was a group descent of two hundred parachutists, who plunged down from a squadron of bombing planes and were greeted by endless applause.

The demonstration over, the people slowly, as if reluctantly, streamed back to the city. All this is propaganda, intensive propaganda, employing every means at its disposal; and it bears fruit, for the young people's enthusiasm for aviation is considerable.

From this mass of practising enthusiasts it has been easy to draw a select group of pilots who are remarkably well educated and trained. The exploits of several of them have been deservedly inscribed on the honor roll of the world. Superhuman efforts have been expended to give them material of high quality. Scientists and engineers have been mobilized; technical services and laboratories have been created. An institute of aerodynamics, a model of its kind, has won the admiration of our specialists.

In order to carry out the audacious ideas of the engineers promptly, a factory was set up to make experimental ships. These efforts have resulted in the creation of two great transport planes of twenty and twenty-four tons respectively,—truly imposing specimens,—a bi-motor three-seater bombing plane, which we were privileged to see in action, and which has been credited with the following performances: 470 kilometers an hour, a useful load of 700 kilos, cruising range 3000 kilometers; and finally a pursuit plane, especially powerful and easy to handle. Deliberately, and for reasons which may be easily guessed, they limited themselves to three or four types of machines.

What is the rate of production in these hastily constructed factories? What is the quality of their production? There, too, great progress has been made. Many specialists have taken their places in the ranks of aviation. Modern equipment has been produced, often without any help from abroad. We have already seen that the aeronautic industry employs about 250,000 persons in the U.S.S.R., both workers and technicians. Four great factories for the construction of storage batteries, five for the construction of engines, and two important laboratories are now functioning at full capacity, all according to the best principles of Taylorism, in 'straight line' fashion. Four types of motors are being built, the French Hispano-Suiza, and Gnome-Rhône K. 4, the American Wright motor and the Russian three thousand horsepower motor, M. 34. The last is manufactured by Factory 24. Only recently set up, and provided with perfect equipment, this factory covers an area of 250 acres, employs 14,000 workers and produces 12,000 motors per year. It is expected to double this output by the end of the year. Factory 22, in which 25,000 workers are employed, puts out five bombing machines a day. The total production capacity of the Soviet factories is at present about 5,000

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completely equipped machines a year. These are figures that one can count upon as being exact.

Doubtless the whole of this production is not destined solely for armament purposes, and one must include in it a certain percentage of 'civil' material designed to equip the numerous air lines now functioning over Soviet territory. There are national lines which extend for some fifty thousand kilometers, and regional or seasonal lines covering about twenty-five thousand kilometers, both of them transporting a considerable amount of freight, mail or merchandise.

We are now at the end of these hasty notes. The Soviet Union possesses beyond any doubt an air force which is large, modern and formidable; that force is handled by a personnel which is well trained and of high moral quality.

Is this mighty army of a purely defensive character? Such is the question that one must ask oneself. I took the liberty of expressing it out loud. I was answered as follows: 'We have no need for land; we have no need for men; we have no need for grain; we have no need for fuel; we need only peace to complete an experiment which will mean a great deal in the history of Man.'

I have no comments to make; I am merely quoting.

King Edward's Day

How many men are there in the King's realm today with so frugal, so strenuous, a daily program as the daily program followed by His Majesty the King? He awakes at 6 A.M., draws a few deep breaths before an open window, dons a heavy sweater and runs round the gardens of Buckingham Palace until he is in a profuse perspiration; then follows a cold bath and a rub down. The King weighs himself daily and if his weight is a little over what it ought to be—147 lbs.—he increases the length of his morning run.

For breakfast he takes only fresh fruit with weak tea or coffee. The King never drinks during a meal. Plain simple food eaten slowly, forms the King's principal diet. Lunch consists of steak or fish and fresh vegetables. Dinner at half-past eight is of broiled fish, preferably herring, chicken or duck, with a green salad.

The King considers a game of squash most useful to keep him fit —and swimming is also one of his favorite exercises. Only by this rigid self-denial and self sacrifice can the King keep himself fit and able to discharge the multitudinous duties of his great position.

'*Soyez dur avec vous-même et doux avec les autres*' is the motto the King follows.

—From the *Saturday Review*, London

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Persons and Personages

King Boris of Bulgaria

By Claude Eylan

From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Paris Conservative Fortnightly Review.

A STRANGER who is admitted to an audience with the King is received at the palace with the greatest simplicity. The royal castle, which is situated in the middle of the city, at the back of a great square paved with yellow bricks, is half concealed by the trees of a park which is hardly bigger than a garden. It is a long, unpretentious building, and the King lives his family life in it, with his wife and his daughter, his brother Cyril and his unmarried sister, the Princess Eudoxie. I came there on foot, and the sentry at the gate let me pass through without any formality; a footman greeted me at the front door—for all the world as if I were visiting some well-to-do private individual. An *aide-de-camp* in mufti preceded me to a salon decorated in somber green; it was a veritable museum of weapons, in which sabers, mousquets, and daggers mingled with rolled-up flags and trophies; a silver reproduction of a cannon battery was gleaming on a long table. Nevertheless one could not imagine a less warlike aspect than that of the affable gentleman in a dressing gown who advanced to meet me from the door of the King's cabinet, extending his hand to me with the evident intention of preventing the bow that I had hardly the time to attempt.

King Boris had the appearance of a very highly bred gentleman. I sought in his features a resemblance to his French ancestors, from whom he perhaps gets his well-set figure of middle height, his supple and alert carriage. Had he also inherited the strength of character which was a trait of his grandmother, Princess Clementine, Louis Philippe's daughter—that '*Baba* Clementina,' so dear to the Bulgarians?

King Boris has a pale complexion; regular, close-set teeth gleam white under his auburn mustache; he has a high forehead made still higher by premature baldness, a heavy nose, a bold profile. From whom does Boris III get those eyes which belong neither to the house of Orleans nor to that of Bourbon-Parma—strange eyes shaped like inverted crescents, whose hue, luminous and uncertain, varies from gray to green, from gold to opalescent, eyes so much like gems that you are tempted to describe them as 'water clear'?

The King pointed to a chair and then sat down in one facing mine. He kept his hands folded together, fingers turned inward, throughout

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our conversation, which he conducted skillfully, bringing in the most varied topics with a mastery and depth indicative of a man of vast culture and one singularly well aware of what is happening in the world around him, but always coming back to the one subject which interests him passionately, namely Bulgaria and Bulgarians. When he spoke, he would turn his eyes aside, half closing them at the same time, as if he wanted to isolate himself in order to concentrate upon his thought and express it exactly; listening, he would fix the speaker with a keen, direct gaze which would never leave the latter's face—the precaution of a diplomat who does not intend to betray himself but who observes intently.

Upon learning that I was to be received by the King, Archimandrite Zacchary, a humble monk of the Rila Monastery, charged me during my stay at the monastery with greetings to his sovereign: 'You will tell him: "Archimandrite Zacchary sends you a greeting and wishes that the Lord may help you;" he will be pleased to know that I am thinking of him.' I delivered the message, which did not surprise the democratic King of Bulgaria in the least.

'Ah, yes, the good Zacchary! I have known him since my childhood; he is a good man.'

Boris III is orthodox. In Bulgaria, where religion and nationalism are so closely knit together, a prince of Catholic faith would always be a stranger to his people.

The King asked me about my travels and smiled when, upon his having expressed his regret at not having the leisure to roam around the world, I countered:

'Ah, but your Majesty is not a free man like me; you have your family and your profession to think of!'

Boris III is a passionate entomologist and a great lover of flowers. I had had an occasion to admire the royal hothouses of the Vrajna Castle, from which I took away with me a magnificent bouquet of carnations.

'Did you see the Vrajna alpinium?' the King asked me. 'I have had specimens of the Alpine flora collected by members of my family planted there. It is quite a complete collection, besides being a memento.'

It was at Vrajna that I saw the Dekovil railway line on which Prince Boris as a child learned to run a locomotive.

The King wanted me to carry away a pleasant memory of the Bulgarian countryside: 'I shall have you taken to Cham-Koria. It's right in the middle of a forest, in the mountains. I have three hunting lodges there, and from them you will be able to see the Bulgarian landscape in all its beauty.'

After discussing literature, painting, history, I prudently introduced the topic of Bulgarian domestic policy, for I wanted to form an opinion

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not only of the man but of the ruler—the same of whom Stambuliski, the great Agrarian leader who was assassinated several years ago, had said: 'Tsar Boris is the most perfect President of a Republic that a democratic country could desire.'

It is true that he has been described as a sort of Hamlet in politics, tormented by indecision because of too many scruples, handicapped by excessive prudence, while other politicians desirous of playing the chief rôle in Bulgaria see or pretend to see in him an insanely ambitious dictator who takes shelter behind a Government of straw which is really completely in his power.

The thing that strikes one immediately in the Bulgarian ruler is, without doubt, his great intelligence, at once patient and elastic. It is only gradually that one discovers in him a consciousness of his responsibility pushed to the point of over-scrupulousness—a trait which has been enhanced by the hard-gained experiences of a reign fraught with difficulties. When he was still very young, Prince Boris waged an unfortunate war. Called to the throne from which his father had just been deposed, he saw his country torn by political quarrels, given over to a civil war which lasted for many years, and terrorized by various factions. On two occasions, in 1923 and 1934, military cliques, in both cases led by the same man, his enemy, that same Veltcheff whom the King was about to oust from his post as head of the Military School, and who was all-powerful in the army, practically dictated to him. In 1925, in the Arabakonak Pass, he escaped an attempt on his life in which a Bulgarian entomologist and a gamekeeper were killed. After firing on his assailants he succeeded in escaping into a nearby ravine.

If, as a prince in whose veins the best blood of Europe flows, he was received cordially by the courts in which he presented himself, as King of Bulgaria he was politically isolated until the day when Alexander of Yugoslavia held out a friendly hand to him.

It was in accents of deep sadness that King Boris told me: 'No one knows better than I the horrors both of war against an external enemy and of civil war. I wish to avoid their recurrence at all costs, and I hold fast to every chance of avoiding these two evils, from which Bulgaria has suffered so much. As a pacifically-minded and sincerely democratic ruler, I desire to be able very soon to give my country a normal régime which will permit it to work, and to overcome the depression which has seriously affected it. You have just made an allusion to my aptitude as a mechanic: running a deaf and blind engine one learns to be prudent; one has to foresee and prevent accidents. That is my mission: to lead my country toward a destiny that will realize its basic hopes. I have confidence in the good common sense of the Bulgarian people and, the Lord be praised,' (an expression which the King uses frequently) 'I believe

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I may also have confidence in the honor of our neighbors—which is the best assurance against all outside dangers.'

In spite of this confidence, in spite, too, of the faith which King Boris assured me he has in the League of Nations, which in 1923 stopped Greece from attacking Bulgaria, the Bulgarian ruler is of the opinion that an agreement with Yugoslavia is the best guarantee for the peace and security of his country.

We spoke about the late King Alexander, about his visits to Bulgaria, to Euxinograd and to Sofia, where he stayed at the Vrajna Castle.

A sincere emotion changed the King's face as he evoked memories of his Yugoslavian cousin. I wondered whether the fears of some of my Yugoslavian friends, who fear Boris's ambition, have any foundation in fact. One sometimes wonders in Belgrade whether he might not be dreaming of uniting the two countries some day under one—his—crown. In 1934 the Bulgarians asked the same question about Alexander. The answer seems simple to me: the rulers of the two sister countries find their respective domains too hard to rule to think seriously of adding to their domestic problems by annexing the neighbor kingdom; it is coöperation rather than unification that would make Bulgaria and Yugoslavia powerful. No one understands this better than King Boris.

I left the King of Bulgaria convinced that Bulgaria has in him a wise ruler, an excellent diplomat, a conscientious sovereign fully aware of his responsibilities, generous and brave, more concerned with his duties than with his rights, and one who has profited by history and by the experiences of his difficult reign—a sovereign who will not lightly risk the future of his dynasty and of the people whose care has been entrusted to him.

Gandhi's Appeal

By R. K. Narayan

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

PADMA'S husband said: 'I shall be back at six. If you are ready by then, we will go to the beach.'

'I am going to the Royal Theater. Gandhi is addressing a meeting there.'

'Very well,' said her husband, 'but be sure to remove your jewels and put them in the trunk before you go to the meeting.'

'If you go to the meeting, be sure to lock your purse in the safe,' retorted Padma.

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'I don't think I shall attend the meeting,' said the husband, and left for his office.

At three o'clock Padma stood before her mirror and took off her jewels one by one. In about half-an-hour she was perfectly bare. She surveyed herself in the mirror and felt slightly disappointed. The wife of the advocate next door was sure to be at the meeting, and what a chance lost of showing off the new gold necklace!

She was satisfied, now that she had nothing on she could possibly lose at the meeting. She had removed even her bangles. She suddenly remembered that it would be inauspicious for a married woman to go about with bare wrists on a Friday. She put on two of her slenderest bangles and resolved to keep them covered with the end of her sari.

The meeting was to begin at five, but Padma was in the Royal Theater at four, and managed to secure a chair in the front row. In the next seat sat a friend of hers, and Padma noticed that she, too, was curiously bare. 'What is the matter? Where are your jewels?' asked Padma. The other replied: 'I have purposely removed them and kept them at home. When Mahatma Gandhi came here four years ago, I attended a meeting in this very hall. He made a speech and then appealed for funds, and before I knew what I was doing I removed and placed at his feet eight bangles, and a necklace worth sixty sovereigns. The Mahatma collected three thousand rupees in half-an-hour in the shape of jewels alone: somehow, when he asks nobody can resist giving him things. I went home bare, and for three months my husband did not speak to me. Today he would not allow me to start without stripping me of all my jewels.'

Volunteers clad in white homespun cloths and caps bustled about pushing chairs, arranging flower pots on the dais, and maintaining order in the crowd. It was only fifteen minutes past four and the hall was already full. People sat on windows and ventilators and stood choking up the passages and doorways.

AT EXACTLY five Mahatma Gandhi arrived. Everybody stood up. Shouts of '*Gandhi-ki-jai*,' '*Bharat Matha-ki-jai*,' rang through the hall. Gandhi stood on the dais smiling and bowing to the gathering. Padma stood with clasped hands. So this was Gandhi, she thought. She saluted him a number of times and then sat down. Garlands were flung toward the Mahatma from various parts of the hall. Several women rushed forward to touch his feet. It took nearly half-an-hour for the bustle to subside. Gandhi squatted down on the dais. An elderly gentleman with a drooping mustache, who had been hovering about Gandhi, came forward with a scroll in his hand and read an address, welcoming the great man and setting forth the work done by the local branch of the Servants of Untouchables Society.

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After the address, Gandhi spoke. There was a quiet cajoling note in his voice which lulled his hearers and made them sway to his words.

'You know I have come on a mission of reform. It is the cause of truth as I see it, and I appeal to you to help in it,' he said. In the eyes of God all men were equal. Could any man say that his eye or ear was superior to his hand or feet or any other part of his body? All were equally important. Similarly, every section of society was as important as any other section. The caste system was just a division of labor. The Brahmin at the top did the religious and spiritual work and the Pariah (*Harijan*) did the necessary menial and scavenging work; but just for that the latter must not be treated as a leper. All were equal in the eyes of God.

He may have spoken for forty minutes. The audience listened to him hypnotized. Padma distinctly saw a light round the speaker's head. She agreed with every word he said. She felt an intense pity for the scavenger who came to her house, whom she often cursed and bullied for no reason whatever.

After the speech Gandhi proceeded to business. He said his audience must have guessed that he was there for their money. He needed it for providing the poor people of the depressed class with the elementary needs of life. He looked at the women and said: 'Your jewels must go for this work.'

There was a stir among the women in the assembly. Gandhi said jokingly: 'I am a money-lender by caste and I won't go before I have in my pocket all your coins and anything that could be converted into coin. Please hurry up. I have another meeting this evening.'

Somebody pushed his way through the crowd and placed a silver tray in Gandhi's hands. A woman bounded on the platform, unclasped her necklace, and gave it to him. Gandhi thanked her for the necklace but wanted to know if she meant to keep the ring he saw on her finger. The woman removed her ring and gave it to him amid applause.

There was a rush on to the platform. Articles and money was brought to Gandhi at great speed. He attracted them like a central force. Men, women, and children, scrambled in confusion to approach Gandhi and offer him something. Men on Padma's right, women sitting on her left, children squatting on the carpet—everybody rushed forward with some offering or other. Padma covered her bangles with the end of her sari and sat fighting the madness which was rising in her.

When the rush ended a variety of things were heaped around Gandhi—silver plates, trays, vases, fountain pens, watches, trinkets, jewels, coins, and garlands.

Gandhi thanked the audience for the gifts, and said he would presently auction all the valuable articles and convert them into cash. But

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first he would like to assure himself that there was nothing more to come. He asked: 'Brothers and sisters, have you given me your all?' He looked around.

Padma's hands trembled as she kept her bangled wrists concealed under her sari. When Gandhi looked at her, she felt she had been found out. She climbed the platform, removed her two bangles, and placed them before Gandhi. He smiled and said: 'Thank you, Sister.' It was a great moment for Padma.

Her husband came home rather late, ate his food in a businesslike way, and went to bed. He did not notice Padma's bare wrists.

She imagined wild things as to what he would do when he discovered the loss of her bangles. He might ask her to go back to her parents. He might not speak to her for three or four months. Shiva alone knew what was in store for her. She wished she had not gone to see Gandhi.

She decided to say nothing about it till the morning. However, at about eleven she could not contain herself any longer. The suspense was harrowing. She touched her husband, woke him up, and told him about the bangles. He was too sleepy at first to understand what she was saying. She shook him well, and repeated it. He was silent for a few minutes —a thousand years they seemed to Padma.

He said at last, very mildly: 'I warned you not to go there with your jewels on.' She did not say anything to this. They were silent for some time, and then he said, 'Now listen to what I have done. I did not intend to go to the meeting at first, but stumbled in there with a friend. I had on me fifty rupees, drawn from the bank for paying the rent tomorrow, and I dropped them into the box when a volunteer came round collecting money.'

'You are absolutely thoughtless! What are we to do about the rent tomorrow?' asked Padma indignantly.

The Bereavement of Colonel Blimp

By David Low

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

[*Here is another of the* Listener's '*auto-obituaries*,' *after the fashion of* The Late H. G. Wells, *which we reproduced in October.* The Editors]

DAVID LOW, who passed away on his drawing-board yesterday, was born in New Zealand of respectable parents who intended him for an ecclesiastical career; but he proved to be no good at arithmetic and became a cartoonist.

To some extent Low, the cartoonist, was the creature of circumstance. His ambitions were more artistic than political, but journals in

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New Zealand could easily steal from the world press all kinds of drawing save the local and the political, so Low had to be a political cartoonist to survive.

He perforce developed an interest in affairs, and in 1902 published his first political cartoon, which was applauded as displaying much statesmanship. He was then aged eleven, which is about the right age for a political critic. This first cartoon, which represented the local authorities as lunatics because of their reluctance to remove certain trees which obstructed traffic, epitomizes Low's life work, for he may be said to have lived on the same idea throughout his long career, varying and adjusting it to situations as they arose.

He worked as hireling for various newspapers of different complexions, often displaying that breadth of vision and liberality of spirit which make it possible, over different signatures in different papers, to take two opposite sides at once. In this way he could claim to have assisted in both the rise and the fall of contemporary statesmen and to have made a valuable contribution to both the boom and the bust of his native land.

After a restless childhood spent in moulding the destinies of New Zealand, Low removed at the age of nineteen to Australia to join the staff of the *Sydney Bulletin*, a rebellious weekly with a tradition of biting caricature. In this congenial atmosphere he began to develop a social conscience and to go in for humor seriously. It was no longer enough merely to amuse the children. Within the limits of the medium, by the inverse method of ridiculing the wrong, he strove to encourage the right and to give his work direction. He expressed himself freely in advocating policies of nationalism and Socialism, latterly helping the Prime Minister, Mr. Hughes, to mess up the Big War. For his services in this respect he was decorated with the Order of the Lemon (1st Class).

IN 1920 Low came to London, first to the *Star* and later to the *Evening Standard*. Surveying the post-War scene he realized that his usefulness lay in being a Nuisance dedicated to sanity. Accordingly, in a number of 'telling' cartoons in which Coöperation, Disarmament and Peace were represented as statuesque females wearing spotless classic robes, and the opposites to these ideas as devils with wild beasts, he appealed for realism in place of the idealistic nonsense of nationalistic patriotism, when world-reconstruction was discussed. Responsible circles, however, failed to take the hint, with appalling consequences which are now history.

For the successful performance of his duties as Nuisance, Low had to invent a wide variety of imaginary characters to express himself in his cartoons. Among the most notable of his creations were Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Ramsay MacDonald, J. H. Thomas and Lord

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Beaverbrook, which were freely imitated at the time of their appearance by persons claiming to be the originals.

Low held that it was no business of a conscientious cartoonist to be popular in the sense of conforming to popular prejudice. It was not unnatural that he passed the most satisfactory period of his career with the *Evening Standard*, the proprietor of which opposed Low's policies as much as Low opposed his, and the readers of which were as irritated with Low as Low was with them. A firm upholder of the highest traditions of his peculiarly British art, he believed that in a democracy the revelation of personalities is a useful public work, and he was restrained only by inept libel laws from drawing leaders and their activities in the nude.

Many of his works hang in various art galleries and institutions, including the British Museum and Mr. Baldwin's bathroom; but, since the art of caricature at its best tends to become esoteric, his finest later efforts were appreciated by himself alone, and then often only subconsciously.

Of a melancholy disposition, Low was oppressed in maturity by the tragedy of the comedian, which is that he is never taken seriously. Believing himself to be the only true Conservative he had ever met, he vigorously advocated Happiness and Prosperity, and was disappointed, though not embittered, at their non-realization. He favored Liberty and Democracy, also, until their abolition; though he is reported to have stated recently that in his opinion the ideal form of government would be a benevolent despotism with himself as the despot.

No lover of humanity, he preferred Crusoe's Island to a public meeting; no philosopher, he liked to sit by a lake and think of nothing; no sybarite, he found a ninepenny seat at the cinema more entertaining than the feasts of princes.

A simple, kindly man. No flowers, by request.

And Quiet Flows the Don

By I. Eksler

Translated from the *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

OUR airplane lands on the right bank of the Don River, four kilometers from the *stanitza* [Cossack village] of Veshenskaya.

It is with a strange emotion that you walk through a shadowy glade already touched with frost. The village can be seen on the high bank. Its ancient church, its huts seem to come right out of the pages of *And Quiet Flows the Don*. A hay wagon moves along the road. Cossack women

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in their black dresses urge on their smallish oxen, and you could almost believe it is Aksinia herself who is angrily urging on the young cream-colored oxen which are pulling the second hay wagon.

You arrive at the *stanitza*. On a quiet village street not far from the church, behind the square which has been described in *And Quiet Flows the Don*, and which is now planted with young trees and has a fence around it, there stands a blue house with a balcony.

That is Mikhail Sholokhov's house.

You knock at the gate. Nobody answers. You knock again—still no answer. Then from behind the fence you hear a dog barking.

A few minutes pass, and the host's voice sounds from behind the gates:—

'Who's there? Why don't you come in?'

You press harder against the latch and the gate proves to be open. As for the ill-tempered dog, he turns out to be the mildest and best-natured setter, and trots by your side as you go into the house. There Mikhail Alexandrovitch shakes hands with you and smiles kindly. In his green, half-military costume, his blouse thrust into his trousers, and his light leather boots, with his customary pipe clenched between his teeth, he is the picture of a young gymnasium instructor.

We pass through the kitchen, where there is a table covered with cartridge cases. I have already noticed a hunting bag and a gun standing near the coat rack in the front hall.

Following the host's invitation, I mount the steep, creaking stairs to his workroom.

'Sit down while I go and see about getting some tea.'

Mikhail Alexandrovitch runs lightly down the stairs. I sit down on the couch, which has a pillow and a plaid blanket lying on it. The walls are painted green. The only decoration is the circular barometer above the host's chair. A door leads to the balcony, from which there spreads before you a magnificent view of the Don. Two of the walls are hidden by simple cabinets tightly packed with books. Here, side by side with Vladimir Soloviov, you can find Nietszche, and alongside of Marx, Gorki, Aksakov, and Thackeray. The small room is practically filled by two great tables. A large kerosene lamp stands beside an electric one on the writer's working table. On the second table there is the black lid of a portable typewriter and a manuscript; on the title page are the words: *And Quiet Flows the Don, Part Seven.*

We have a long and detailed discussion about the Spanish situation, on which Mikhail Alexandrovitch is excellently informed. I recollect how, during our last meeting, which was a few days after Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland, Mikhail Alexandrovitch was studying that situation with the help of a map which he had hung up in this same

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room. Just as his whole mind was then filled with the question of the Rhineland occupation, so now he is tremendously interested in Spanish affairs. How ridiculous at that moment seemed the idle discussions of certain Moscow literary lights about how 'Sholokhov sits in his Veshenskaya and is completely detached from life.'

But numerous visitors, piles of letters coming to Sholokhov from all parts of the country, his active party work, his tireless visits to the *stanitzas* and the kolkhozes—all this activity is, nevertheless, merely a supplement to the painstaking work he does at his writing table. For Mikhail Alexandrovitch works a great deal, and with dogged persistence.

'You ask me about the fourth part of *And Quiet Flows the Don*. I got a letter from London today, in which my English translator asks the same thing. I am glad to tell you that the fourth book is already finished. I intend to publish it in a month or two. Right now I am busy polishing it, and it takes all of my time. I am making the rounds of the villages with one special aim—to check up on what I have written, and to find supplementary data for the last part of the novel.'

'And afterwards?'

'Afterwards I start immediately on the second part of *The Seeds of Tomorrow*.'

'What will that part deal with?'

'It stops short of the present. It will deal only with the period of the building of kolkhozes—a period which follows close upon the one depicted in the first book.'

'Aren't you interested in the changes in the Cossack community life, the modern *stanitzas*?'

'Of course; but right now here I am, the author of two unfinished novels. I can't take up contemporary subjects until I've finished them. As you see, I'm still living in the past. . . .'

Our talk is interrupted by the ringing of the telephone downstairs. Mikhail Alexandrovitch comes back to tell me that the Honorary Artist of the Republic, M. E. Lishin, has flown down from Rostov to see him.

We all take tea and cherry preserves at a round tea-table in the next room, and thus I hear an interesting discussion between the writer and the artist. Lishin has come to see Sholokhov to ask him to give the Zavadskoy Theater in Rostov permission to stage the *Don* for the twentieth anniversary of the October Revolution.

'The same offer was made by the Moscow Art Theater,' answers Mikhail Alexandrovitch. 'But who will undertake to dramatize the novel? I can't do it; I have no time. Nevertheless I should like the work to be done under my personal supervision because . . .' Here Mikhail Alexandrovitch launches into a story of the unsuccessful productions of *The Seeds of Tomorrow* in Moscow and Leningrad. He becomes ex-

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cited, jumps up from the chair, and runs to the stove to knock the ashes out of his pipe against the cast-iron door. Then he continues: 'When I heard an artist pronounce words like *kuren* [Cossack village] emphasizing different syllables at different times—well, it made me very uncomfortable. Some people take their work very lightly, and aren't even interested enough in it to find out how the Don Cossacks really speak. Such things make you distrust an actor. As for the Leningrad production—I didn't see it myself, but some of the audience sent me letters, and I even got one collective letter from a Military Academy —they dressed the Cossack men up in Ukrainian *sharavars* [wide Turkish trousers worn by Ukrainian peasants] and the women in embroidered Czernigov blouses! That's a damned stupid thing to do. These people do their job in a very slap-dash fashion.'

The writer tells us about the habits and the songs of the Don River. When you listen to Sholokhov you understand why he shies away from literary circles. The author of *And Quiet Flows the Don* actually lives among his heroes and heroines, meeting them every day and every hour of his life.

Hence the popularity of this writer, who is avidly read and beloved by millions of people, not only in our country but far beyond its boundaries. In the room where we are drinking tea there is a bookcase in which are all the editions of Sholokhov's books in all languages, from all countries. Sholokhov is especially loved in his home region on the Don. During our two trips along the northern Don River, I did not meet a single man who had not heard of the author of *And Quiet Flows the Don* and *The Seeds of Tomorrow*. Grown-ups and schoolboys, old men, young matrons, and young girls all speak smilingly and with great pride of Mikhail Sholokhov, although many of them haven't even read him. Once I happened to spend a night on the *khutor* [farm] of a veteran Cossack. When I asked him whether he had heard of Sholokhov, he answered, 'Why, of course,' and began to describe episodes from the third book.

'And how long ago was it that you read the book?'

'*Tykhiy Don?* Why, I've never read it! The people from the village told me about it.'

At midnight the electric light goes off. The whole village is plunged into darkness, and then one understands why Sholokhov keeps a large kerosene lamp on his table.

The next day an airplane takes a journalist and an Honorary Artist of the Republic back from the banks of the Don. Our airplane makes a farewell circle over the writer's house, frightening from its green roof a large flock of gray Don pigeons. As for Sholokhov, he has gone off somewhere in his automobile early in the morning, taking along a gun and a cartridge belt.

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An address broadcast to English radio listeners by a well-known Irish poet.

Modern Poetry

By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

From the *Listener*,
Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Company

I HAVE been asked to talk to you tonight about Modern Poetry, because the B.B.C. people know that I have just finished making an anthology of it. And I am going to begin with a statement that may surprise some of you.

The period from the death of Tennyson until the present moment seems to me richer in lyric poetry than any similar period since the seventeenth century—no great overpowering figures, but many poets who have written some three or four lyrics apiece which may be permanent in our literature. It did not always seem so; even two years ago I should have said the opposite; I should have named three or four poets and said there was nobody else who mattered. Then I gave all my time to the study of that poetry.

There was a club of poets—you may know its name, the Rhymers' Club—which first met, I think, a few months before the death of Tennyson and lasted seven or eight years. It met in a Fleet Street tavern called the Cheshire Cheese. Two members of the club are vivid in my memory: Ernest Dowson, timid, silent, a little melancholy, lax in body, vague in attitude; Lionel Johnson, determined, erect, his few words dogmatic, almost a dwarf but beautifully made, his features cut in ivory. His thought dominated the scene and gave the club its character. Nothing of importance could be discovered, he would say, science must be confined to the kitchen or the workshop; only philosophy and religion could solve the great secret, and they said all their say years ago; a gentleman was a man who understood Greek.

I was full of crude speculation that made me ashamed. I remember praying that I might get my imagination fixed upon life itself, like the imagination of Chaucer. In those days I was a convinced ascetic, yet I envied Dowson his dissipated life. I thought it must be easy to think like Chaucer when you lived among those morbid,

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elegant, tragic women suggested by Dowson's poetry, painted and drawn by his friends Conder and Beardsley. You must all know those famous lines that are in so many anthologies:—

Wine and women and song,
To us they belong,
To us the bitter and gay.

When I repeated those beautiful lines it never occurred to me to wonder why the Dowson I knew seemed neither gay nor bitter.

A provincial, conscious of clumsiness and lack of self-possession, I still more envied Lionel Johnson who had met, as I believed, everybody of importance. If one spoke of some famous ecclesiastic or statesman he would say: 'I know him intimately,' and quote some conversation that laid bare that man's soul. He was never a satirist, being too courteous, too just, for that distortion. One felt that these conversations had happened exactly as he said. Years were to pass before I discovered that Dowson's life, except when he came to the Rhymers', or called upon some friend selected for an extreme respectability, was a sordid round of drink and cheap harlots; that Lionel Johnson had never met those famous men, that he never met anybody because he got up at nightfall, got drunk at a public house or worked half the night, sat the other half, a glass of whisky at his elbow, staring at the brown corduroy curtains that protected from dust the books that lined his walls, imagining the puppets that were the true companions of his mind.

He met Dowson, but then Dowson was nobody and he was convinced that he did Dowson good. He had no interest in women, and on that subject was perhaps eloquent. Some friends of mine saw them one moonlight night returning from The Crown public house which had just closed, their zigzagging feet requiring the whole width of Oxford Street, Lionel Johnson talking. My friend stood still, eavesdropping; Lionel Johnson was expounding a Father of the Church. Their piety, in Dowson a penitential sadness, in Lionel Johnson more often a noble ecstasy, was, as I think, illuminated and intensified by their contrasting puppet shows, those elegant, tragic penitents, those great men in their triumph. You may know Lionel Johnson's poem on the statue of King Charles, or that characteristic poem that begins:—

Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the Companions of Christ.

In my present mood, remembering his scholarship, remembering that his religious sense was never divided from his sense of the past, I recall most vividly his *Church of a Dream:*—

Sadly the dead leaves rustle in the whistling wind,
Around the weather-worn, gray church, low down the vale:
The Saints in golden vesture shake before the gale;
The glorious windows shake, where still they dwell enshrined;
Old Saints by long-dead, shriveled hands long since designed:
There still, although the world autumnal be, and pale,
Still in their golden vesture the old Saints prevail;
Alone with Christ, desolate else, left by mankind.

Only one ancient priest offers the Sacrifice,

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Murmuring holy Latin immemorial;
Swaying with tremulous hands the old
censer full of spice,
In gray, sweet incense clouds; blue,
sweet clouds mystical:
To him, in place of men, for he is old,
suffice
Melancholy remembrances and vesperal.

There were other poets, generally a few years younger, who having escaped that first wave of excitement lived tame and orderly lives. But they, too, were in reaction against everything Victorian.

II

A church in the style of Inigo Jones opens on to a grass lawn a few hundred yards from the Marble Arch. It was designed by a member of the Rhymers' Club, whose architecture, like his poetry, seemed to exist less for its own sake than to illustrate his genius as a connoisseur. I have sometimes thought that masterpiece, perhaps the smallest church in London, the most appropriate symbol of all that was most characteristic in the art of my friends. Their poems seemed to say: 'You will remember us the longer because we are very small, very unambitious.'

Yet my friends were most ambitious men; they wished to express life at its intense moments, those moments that are brief because of their intensity, and at those moments alone. In the Victorian era the most famous poetry was often a passage in a poem of some length, perhaps of great length, a poem full of thoughts that might have been expressed in prose. A short lyric seemed an accident, an interruption amid more serious work. Somebody has quoted Browning as saying that he could have written many lyrics had he thought them worth the trouble. The aim of my friends, my own aim, if it sometimes made us prefer the acorn to the oak, the small to the great, freed us from many things that we thought an impurity. Swinburne, Tennyson, Arnold, Browning had admitted so much psychology, science, moral fervor. Had not Verlaine said of *In Memoriam*, 'when he should have been broken-hearted he had many reminiscences'? We tried to write like the poets of the Greek Anthology, or like Catullus, or like the Jacobean Lyrists, men who wrote while poetry was still pure. We did not look forward or look outward: we left that to the prose writers; we looked back. We thought it was in the very nature of poetry to look back, to resemble those Swedenborgian angels who are described as moving for ever toward the dayspring of their youth. In this we were all, orderly and dis orderly alike, in full agreement.

When I think of the Rhymers' Club and grow weary of those luckless men, I think of another circle that was in full agreement. It gathered round Charles Ricketts, one of the greatest connoisseurs of any age, an artist whose woodcuts prolonged the inspiration of Rossetti, whose paintings mirrored the rich coloring of Delacroix. When we studied his art we studied our double. We, too, thought always that style should be proud of its ancestry, of its traditional high breeding, that an ostentatious originality was out of place whether in the arts or in good manners.

When the Rhymers' Club was breaking up, I read enthusiastic reviews of the first book of Sturge Moore

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and grew jealous. He did not belong to the Rhymers' Club and I wanted to believe that we had all the good poets; but one evening Charles Ricketts brought me to a riverside house at Richmond and introduced me to Edith Cooper. She put into my unwilling hands Sturge Moore's book and made me read out and discuss certain poems. I surrendered. I took back all I had said against him. I was most moved by his poem called *The Dying Swan:—*

O silver-throated Swan
Struck, struck! a golden dart
Clean through thy breast has gone—
Home to thy heart.
Thrill, thrill, O silver throat!
O silver trumpet, pour
Love for defiance back
On him who smote!
And brim, brim o'er
With love; and ruby-dye thy track
Down thy last living reach
Of river, sail the golden light . . .
Enter the sun's heart . . . even teach,
O wondrous-gifted Pain, teach thou
The god to love, let him learn how.

Edith Cooper herself seemed a dry, precise, precious, pious, finicking old maid; with an aunt, a Miss Bradley, she had written under the name of Michael Field tragedies in the Elizabethan manner, which I seem to remember after forty or fifty years as occasionally powerful but spoiled by strained emotion and labored metaphor. They had already fallen into oblivion, but under the influence of Charles Ricketts she had studied Greek and found a new character, a second youth. She had begun, though I did not know it for many years, a series of little poems, masterpieces of simplicity, which resemble certain of Landor's lyrics, though her voice is not so deep, but high, thin and sweet:—

Thine elder that I am, thou must not cling
To me, nor mournful for my love entreat:
And yet, Alcæus, as the sudden spring
Is love, yea, and to veiled Demeter sweet.

Sweeter than tone of harp, more gold than gold
Is thy young voice to me; yet, ah, the pain
To learn I am beloved now I am old,
Who, in my youth, loved, as thou must, in vain.

And here is another, which, because it hints at so much more than it says, is very moving:—

They bring me gifts, they honor me,
Now I am growing old;
And wondering youth crowds round my knee,
As if I had a mystery
And worship to unfold.

To me the tender, blushing bride
Doth come with lips that fail;
I feel her heart beat at my side
And cry: 'Like Ares in his pride,
Hail, noble bridegroom, hail!'

III

My generation, because it disliked Victorian rhetorical, moral fervor, came to dislike all rhetoric. In France, where there was a similar movement, a poet had written: 'Take rhetoric and wring its neck.' People began to imitate old ballads because an old ballad is never rhetorical. I think of

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The Shropshire Lad, of certain poems by Hardy, of Kipling's *St. Helena Lullaby* and his *Looking-Glass*. I will not read any of that famous poetry but a poem nobody ever heard of. When I was a young man, York Powell, an Oxford Don, was renowned for his miraculous learning, but only his few intimates, perhaps only those much younger than himself, knew that he was not the dry man he seemed. From the top of a bus-somewhere between Victoria and Walham Green he pointed out to me a pawnshop he had once found very useful; I was in his rooms at Oxford when he replied to somebody who had asked him to become Proctor that the older he grew the less and less difference could he see between right and wrong. He used to frequent prize-fights with my brother, a lad in his early twenties, and it was in a Broadside, a mixture of hand-colored prints and poetry published by my brother, and now long out of print, that I discovered the poem I am now about to read. It is a translation from the French of Paul Fort:—

The pretty maid she died, she died, in love-bed as she lay;
They took her to the churchyard; all at the break of day;
They laid her all alone there: all in her white array;
They laid her all alone there: a-coffin'd in the clay:
And they came back so merrily: all at the dawn of day;
A-singing all so merrily: 'The dog must have his day!'
The pretty maid is dead, is dead, in love-bed as she lay;
And they are off a-field to work: as they do every day.

The poems I have read resemble in certain characteristics all modern poetry up to the Great War. The centaurs and amazons of Sturge Moore, the Tristram and Iseult of Binyon's noble poem—there were always some long poems; my Deirdre, my Cuchullain, had been written about for centuries and our public wished for nothing else. Here and there some young revolutionist would boast that his eyes were on the present or the future, or even denounce all poetry back to Dante, but we were content; we wrote as men had always written.

IV

Then established things were shaken by the Great War. All civilized men had believed in progress, in a war-less future, in always-increasing wealth, but now influential young men began to wonder if anything could last or if anything were worth fighting for. In the third year of the War came the most revolutionary man in poetry during my lifetime, though his revolution was stylistic alone—T. S. Eliot published his first book. No romantic word or sound, nothing reminiscent, nothing in the least like the painting of Ricketts could be permitted henceforth. Poetry must resemble prose, and both must accept the vocabulary of their time; nor must there be any special subject-matter. Tristram and Iseult were not a more suitable theme than Paddington Railway Station. The past had deceived us: let us accept the worthless present.

The morning comes to consciousness
Of faint stale smells of beer
From the sawdust-trampled street
With all its muddy feet that press

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To early coffee-stands. . . .
One thinks of all the hands
That are raising dingy shades
In a thousand furnished rooms.

We older writers disliked this new poetry, but were forced to admit its satiric intensity. It was in Eliot that certain revolutionary War poets, young men who felt they had been dragged away from their studies, from their pleasant life, by the blundering frenzy of old men, found the greater part of their style. They were too near their subject-matter to do, as I think, work of permanent importance, but their social passion, their sense of tragedy, their modernity, have passed into young influential poets of today: Auden, Spender, C. Day Lewis, and others. Some of these poets are Communists, but even in those who are not there is an overwhelming social bitterness. Some speak of the War in which none were old enough to have served:—

I've heard them lilting at loom and belting,
Lasses lilting before dawn of day;
But now they are silent, not gamesome and gallant—
The flowers of the town are rotting away.

There was laughing and loving in the lanes at evening;
Handsome were the boys then, and girls were gay.
But lost in Flanders by medaled commanders
The lads of the village are melted away.

This poetry is supported by critics who think it the poetry of the future—in my youth I heard much of the music of the future—and attack all not of their school. A poet of an older school has named them *the racketeers*. Sometimes they attack Miss Edith Sitwell, who seems to me an important poet, shaped as they are by the disillusionment that followed the Great War. Among her fauns, cats, columbines, clowns, wicked fairies, into that phantasmagoria which reminds me of a ballet called *The Sleeping Beauty*, loved by the last of the Tsars, she interjects a nightmare horror of death and decay. I commend to you *The Hambone and the Heart*, and *The Lament of Edward Blastock*, as among the most tragic poems of our time. Her language is the traditional language of literature, but twisted, torn, complicated, jerked here and there by strained resemblances, unnatural contacts, forced upon it by terror or by some violence beating in her blood, some primitive obsession that civilization can no longer exorcise. I find her obscure, exasperating, delightful. I think I like her best when she seems a child, terrified and delighted by the story it is inventing. I will read you a little poem she has called *Ass-face;* but first I must explain its imagery, which has taken me a couple of minutes to puzzle out, not because it is obscure, but because image follows image too quickly to be understood at a first hearing.

I prefer to think of Ass-face as a personality invented by some child at a nursery window after dark. The starry heavens are the lighted bars and saloons of public houses, and the descending light is asses' milk which makes Ass-face drunk. But this light is thought of the next moment as bright threads floating down in spirals to make a dress for Columbine, and the next moment after that as milk squirting on the sands of the sea—one

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thinks of the glittering foam—a sea which brays like an ass, and is covered, because it is a rough sea, by an ass's hide. Along the shore there are trees, and under these trees beavers are building Babel, and these beavers think that the noise Ass-face makes in his drunkenness is Cain and Abel fighting. Then somehow as the vision ends the starlight has turned into the houses that the beavers are building. But their Babel and their houses are like white lace, and we are told that Ass-face will spoil them all.

When you listen to this poem, you should become two people, one a sage who thinks perhaps that Ass-face is the stupefying frenzy of nature, one a child listening to a poem as irrational as *Sing a Song of Sixpence:—*

Ass-face drank
The asses' milk of the stars . . .
The milky spirals as they sank
From heaven's saloons and golden bars
Made a gown
For Columbine,
Spirting down on sands divine
By the asses' hide of the sea
(With each tide braying free).
And the beavers building Babel
Beneath each tree's thin beard
Said, 'Is it Cain and Abel
Fighting again we heard?'
It is Ass-face, Ass-face,
Drunk on the milk of the stars,
Who will spoil their houses of white lace—
Expelled from the golden bars!

V

I think profound philosophy must come from terror. An abyss opens under our feet; inherited convictions, the presuppositions of our thoughts, those Fathers of the Church Lionel Johnson expounded, drop into the abyss. Whether we will or no we must ask the ancient questions: is there reality anywhere? Is there a God? Is there a Soul? We cry with the Indian Sacred Book: 'They have put a golden stopper into the neck of the bottle; pull it! Let out reality!'

Some seven years after the close of the War, seven years of meditation, came Turner's *Seven Days of the Sun*, Dorothy Wellesley's *Matrix*, Herbert Read's *Mutations of the Phœnix*, T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land;* long philosophical poems; and even now the young Communist poets complicate their short lyrics with difficult metaphysics.

If you are lovers of poetry, and it is for such that I speak, you know *The Waste Land*, but perhaps not the other poems that I have named, though you will certainly know Dorothy Wellesley's poem in praise of horses, and probably Turner's praise of a mountain in Mexico with a romantic name. To three, perhaps to all four, of these writers what we call the solid earth was manufactured by the human mind from unknown raw material. They do not think this because of Kant and Berkeley, who are an old story, but because of something that has got into the air since a famous French mathematician wrote 'space is a creation of our ancestors.' Eliot's historical and scholarly mind seems to have added this further thought, probably from Nicholas of Cusa: reality is expressed in a series of contradictions, or is that unknowable something that supports the center of the see-saw.

At the still point of the turning world.
Neither flesh nor fleshness;

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Neither from nor towards; at the still
point, there the dance is,
But neither arrest nor movement. And
do not call it fixity.
Where past and future are gathered.
Neither movement from nor to-
wards,
Neither ascent nor decline. Except for
the point, the still point,
There would be no dance, and there is
only the dance.

All are pessimists; Dorothy Wellesley thinks that the 'unconceived,' as she calls those that have not yet been melted into that subjective creation we call the world, are alone happy. They are a part of the unknown raw material which the manufacturer has neglected. They have escaped the torture of the senses, the boredom of that automatic return of the same sensation Eliot has described. I will read you a passage from her poem *Matrix*:—

Where then are the unborn ones?
Do they eternally go,
Cloud wracks of souls tormented,
Through ether for ever?

No such ventures theirs, no.
They crowd in the core of the earth;
They lie in the loam,
Laid backwards by slice of the plough;
They sit in the rock:
In a matrix of amethyst crouches a man,
Pigmy, a part of the womb,
Of the stone,
For ever, for all time, now.

All things there are his own:
The light on water, the leaves,
The spray of the wild yellow rose;
Beautiful as to the born
Are the stars to the unconceived;
The twilight, the morn, of their sight
Are lovelier than to the born.

Turner, poet, mathematician, musician, thinks that the horror of the world is in its beauty. Beautiful forms deceive us, because if we grasp them, they dissolve into what he calls 'confused sensation,' and destroy us because they drag us under the machinery of nature; if it were possible he would, like a Buddhist, or a connoisseur, kill, or suspend desire. He does not see men and women as the puppets of Eliot's poetry, repeating over and over the same trivial movements, but as the reflections of a terrible Olympus. I will read you his poem upon the procession of the mannequins:—

I have seen mannequins,
As white and gold as lilies,
Swaying their tall bodies across the
burnished floor
Of Reville or Paquin;
Writhing in color and line,
Curved tropical flowers
As bright as thunderbolts.
Or hooded in dark furs
The sun's pale splash
In English autumn woods.

And I have watched these soft explosions
of life
As astronomers watch the combustion
of stars.
The violence of supernatural power
Upon their faces,

White orbits
Of incalculable forces.

And I have had no desire for their
bodies
But have felt the whiteness of a lily
Upon my palate;
And the solidity of their slender curves
Like a beautiful mathematical proposi-
tion
In my brain.

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But in the expression of their faces
Terror.

Cruelty in the eyes, nostrils and lips,
Pain,
thou passion-flower, thou wreath, thou
orbit,
thou spiritual rotation,
thou smile upon a pedestal
Peony of the garden of Paradise!

VI

Many Irish men and women must be listening, and they may wonder why I have said nothing of modern Irish poetry. I have not done so because it moves in a different direction and belongs to a different story. Modern Irish poetry began in the midst of that rediscovery of folk thought I described when quoting York Powell's translation from Paul Fort. The English movement, checked by the realism of Eliot, the social passion of the war poets gave way to an impersonal, philosophical poetry. Because Ireland has a still living folk tradition, her poets cannot get it out of their heads that they themselves, good-tempered or bad-tempered, tall or short, will be remembered by the common people. Instead of turning to impersonal philosophy, they have hardened and deepened their personalities. I could have taken as examples Synge or James Stephens, men I have never ceased to delight in. But I prefer to quote poetry of which you have probably never heard, though it is among the greatest lyric poetry of our time.

Some twelve years ago political enemies came to Senator Gogarty's house while they knew he would be in his bath and so unable to reach his revolver, made him dress, brought him to an empty house on the edge of the Liffey. They told him nothing, but he felt certain he was to be kept as hostage and shot after the inevitable execution of a certain man then in prison. Self-possessed and daring, he escaped, and while swimming the cold December river vowed two swans to it if it would land him safely. I was present some weeks later when, in the presence of the Head of the State and other notables, the two swans were launched. That story shows the man—scholar, wit, poet, gay adventurer.

In one poem, written years afterwards, the man who had dedicated the swans dedicates the poems, and the mood has not changed:—

Tall unpopular men,
Slim proud women who move
As women walked in the islands when
Temples were built to Love,
I sing to you. With you
Beauty at best can live,
Beauty that dwells with the rare and few,
Cold and imperative.
He who had Cæsar's ear
Sang to the lonely and strong.
Virgil made an austere
Venus Muse of his song.

Here is another poem characteristic of those poems which have restored the emotion of heroism to lyric poetry:—

Our friends go with us as we go
Down the long path where Beauty
wends,
Where all we love forgathers, so
Why should we fear to join our
friends?

Who would survive them to outlast
His children; to outwear his fame—

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Left when the Triumph has gone past—
To win from Age, not Time, a name?

Then do not shudder at the knife
That Death's indifferent hand drives home,
But with the Strivers leave the Strife,
Nor, after Cæsar, skulk in Rome.

When I have read you a poem I have tried to read it rhythmically; I may be a bad reader, or read badly, because I am out of sorts, or self-conscious, but there is no other method. A poem is an elaboration of the rhythms of common speech and their association with profound feeling. To read a poem like prose, that hearers unaccustomed to poetry may find it easy to understand, is to turn it into bad, florid prose. If anybody reads or recites poetry as if it were prose from some public platform, I ask you, speaking for poets, living, dead or unborn, to protest in whatever way occurs to your perhaps youthful minds; if they recite or read by wireless, I ask you to express your indignation by letter. William Morris, coming out of a hall where somebody had read or recited his *Sigard the Volsung*, said: 'It cost me a lot of damned hard work to get that thing into verse.'

The Ideal Foreign Minister

The work and policy of the Foreign Minister must be guided wholly by the desire to use every means in his power to avoid giving the Minister of War anything to do.

—From a speech by President Beneš of Czechoslovakia.

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A noted Swiss psychiatrist likens modern dictatorships to primitive tribes.

The Psychology *of* Dictatorship

An Interview with Dr. C. G. Jung

From the *Observer*, London Independent Conservative Sunday Newspaper

[*Professor C. G. Jung, famous Swiss psychologist, has been studying the modern tribes and tribal rulers of Europe and America. Some time ago he lived for many months with a primitive African tribe. Since then he has believed even more strongly in the existence of tribal habits and institutions among civilized nations.*

Recently he lectured in London to doctors on 'Psychology and National Problems.' He told them, in effect, never to forget the tribe. When I asked him how his study of human psychology explained the dictatorships and democracies of today, he spoke at once of the tribe.

A Correspondent of the *Observer*]

HITLER, Mussolini, Stalin, yes, and Roosevelt, they are tribal rulers. England and Switzerland are still tribal. They preserve their local differences and distinctions. You have your Welsh, Irish, Scottish. You observe your ancient tribal customs—the ceremony with which the Lord Mayor greets the King when he crosses the boundary of the City of London, for instance.

There are people who grow impatient of such customs. That is wrong. They are healthy, because they are good for the unconscious. When the old tribal institutions—the former small duchies and princedoms of Germany and Italy—are broken up, then comes the upheaval, before a new tribal order is created. It is always the same. The tribe has its personal ruler. He surrounds himself with his own particular followers, who become an oligarchy. Then the 'State' takes his place.

The State is a ghost, a mirror-reflex of the personal ruler. The ghost-State creates its own oligarchy. Capitalism is an oligarchy. The American trusts were an oligarchy. But there is always the struggle against the oligarchy. The people look to their State to give them more wages, higher standards of living. The State can only do so by dissipating energy, by tapping resources.

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And so the time comes when the State must make fake money. First it is called 'inflation.' Then, because that is unpopular, 'devaluation.' Now they are calling it 'dilution.' But it is all the same thing—fake money. Thus you have insecurity. Savings become illusory. Since nature is aristocratic, the valuable part of the population is reduced to the level of misery.

Communistic or Socialistic democracy is an upheaval of the unfit against attempts at order. Consider the stay-in strikes in France, the former Socialistic upheavals in Germany and Italy. This state of disorder called democratic freedom or liberalism brings its own reactions—enforced order. Inasmuch as the European nations are incapable of living in a chronic state of disorder, they will make attempts at enforced order, or Fascism.

Russia is the typical oligarchy, as it always was. The Communist Party is a privileged ruling caste. They are working toward the same thing in Germany. The S.S. men are being transformed into a caste of knights ruling sixty million natives. So you see, the tribal boundaries may be extended, the smaller tribes may be transformed into a nation, but the tribal idea remains. The dictatorships of Germany, Russia, and Italy may not be the best form of government, but they are the only possible form of government at the moment.

I have just come from America, where I saw Roosevelt. Make no mistake, he is a force—a man of superior and impenetrable mind, but perfectly ruthless, a highly versatile mind which you cannot foresee. He has the most amazing power complex, the Mussolini substance, the stuff of a dictator absolutely.

There are two kinds of dictators—the chieftain type and the medicine man type. Hitler is the latter. He is a medium. German policy is not made; it is revealed through Hitler. He is the mouthpiece of the gods as of old. He says the word which expresses everybody's resentment.

I remember a medicine man in Africa who said to me almost with tears in his eyes: 'We have no dreams any more since the British are in the country.' When I asked him why, he answered: 'The District Commissioner knows everything.'

Mussolini, Stalin, and Roosevelt rule like that, but in Germany they still have 'dreams.' You remember the story of how, when Hitler was being pressed by other Powers not to withdraw Germany from the League of Nations, he shut himself away for three days, and then simply said, without explanation: 'Germany must withdraw!' That is rule by revelation.

Hence the sensitiveness of Germans to criticism or abuse of their leader. It is blasphemy to them, for Hitler is the Sybil, the Delphic oracle.

After the dictators? Oligarchy in some form. A decent oligarchy—call it aristocracy if you like—is the most ideal form of government. It depends on the quality of a nation whether they evolve a decent oligarchy or not. I am not sure that Russia will, but Germany and Italy have a chance.

Without the aristocratic ideal there is no stability. You in England owe it to the 'gentleman' that you possess the world.

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An Englishman's story of Spain in the agony of her fratricidal civil war.

Militiaman

By Robert Westerby

From the *Left Review*,
London Marxist Monthly

IT WAS hardly light when the corporal came for them. The ground was misty and dim. The stones, in the half-light, seemed flat and without weight. Behind them the prison was silent, as if it, too, were waiting for death. Somewhere inside a voice cried out wildly. It echoed strangely, sounding far off, and tailed away, making the silence more quiet, the air more still.

Felipe raised his eyes and stared dully around him. There was something wrong. Although the corporal had the whole thirty of them outside there seemed to be a delay no one understood.

Quickly the light grew better, until in what seemed only an instant the rising plain with the stiffly pleated mountains beyond it sprang into view. The mountains looked blue in the distance, with small clusters of trees lying at their feet. Hungrily Felipe looked at them. Behind them was his home.

An officer of the Spanish Legion came from the prison, buttoning up his tunic. He was small and sallow, but with a sort of swaggering smartness about him. His torn uniform was neatly made, tight in at the waist, his cap set at a rakish angle. He turned and faced the silent line of men, smiling with shut lips, his small dark eyes very bright. One of the buttons on his tunic was hanging only by a single thread, and trembled as he moved. Felipe watched it, fascinated. It seemed odd that the thread did not break. If the officer were to lift his arm,—so,—he would brush the button off like a fly.

'How many are there?' the officer said, shouting, as if to keep up his courage.

The corporal saluted. 'Thirty, *señor capitan*,' he said.

'I'll use the new gun,' the officer said, and called loudly over his shoulder. The loose button on his tunic swung and jerked madly as he fumbled with his belt.

The corporal looked puzzled.

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'The new gun, *señor capitan?*' he said.

The officer flushed angrily, and stared for a moment into the corporal's eyes.

'Yes, the new gun,' he said. 'I'll use it myself. It will kill the whole thirty of them in a second or two. You will see.'

Two men came out of the prison, carrying the new gun between them. In silence they set it up on its short tripod, opposite the line of prisoners. It seemed to stare at them, the dully shining new gun, and the man next to Felipe—no, not man, he was not yet twenty, no more than a boy really—began to pray out loud, crossing himself, muttering. The sweat was running down his face like water being squeezed out of a sponge.

The officer walked over to the machine-gun. His face was serious now, businesslike, and he crouched behind the gun, running his hands over the shining barrel, adjusting the belt of cartridges. Then he looked up.

'About turn!' he shouted, and the line of men turned round raggedly and slowly.

'Five paces forward!' the officer jerked out, and terrified, as if in a trance, the thirty men lurched over the rough ground.

Felipe stared straight ahead of him. The plain rolled away before his eyes, rocky and barren, for miles. In the distance, in the foothills, he could see the white twin-towers of a church. The world seemed wide and safe, being at war suddenly nothing, insignificant.

'Halt! *Five* paces, I said!'

The line of men wavered and stopped.

Standing still, with hunched shoulders, Felipe felt death waiting behind him as the officer's fingers went to the trigger of the gun. His heart was beating loudly and quickly, as if it would burst, and for five long seconds he waited, sweating.

Then, shatteringly, the gun spoke.

The hail of bullets swept along the line of prisoners, spat up dust and stones, tore through flesh and bone. Writhing grotesquely in their pain, the men fell to the ground in a wave.

II

The earth was damply cold to Felipe's body, the stones hard and sharp against his face. He lay flat, his chest pressing the ground, and over his body the shrieking bullets tore through the air.

Abruptly the roar of the gun ceased, and Felipe heard the scrape of the officer's boots against the stones as he got up.

A few yards away a man was screaming, his voice almost impossibly shrill—then the officer's voice, raised in a shout.

'All right! Get up! Get up! All those still alive will not be hurt! Come on, get up! Those men alive will be freed. . . .'

Felipe pressed himself harder against the ground, his eyes shut, sweat running down his cheeks.

'No, no, no. Keep still, keep still,' he muttered. 'Oh, sweet Christ, Holy Mary, make them keep still. It is a trick. . . .'

Close beside him there was a scrabble of loose stones as a few of the men staggered to their feet. They turned toward the officer, calling feebly, and

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Felipe heard him laugh. The gun roared out again bitterly.

'The poor fools!' Felipe whispered. 'Oh, the fools! It was a trick, and I knew! I knew! And now they are dead.'

Cautiously he opened his eyes. He could only see with one. It was funny. The other seemed not to be there, but there was no pain. Blood was trickling slowly across his face, and where before he had seen the plain, the mountains, the trees, the little church, his world was now small. Three or four stones, a scratch in the dust where a bullet had passed, his own right hand, and a foot. There was a rough, dusty boot on the foot, studded nails in the sole. It scraped feebly in the dust, as if in agony, as if it were a live thing. For a few seconds it would remain still, then it would twitch again.

An ant crawled laboriously across the stones toward him. He felt it as it climbed over his forehead. The little insect's feet were like needles, and ran across his face until they reached the blood oozing from the open wound over his eye.

Footsteps crunched towards him and there were voices.

'There's one!' It was the corporal's voice.

'Where?' said another voice, the officer's. He sounded excited, like a small boy who is hunting for bird's eggs or butterflies.

'Oh, sweet Christ, let me lie still . . . lie still. . . .' Felipe stared at a stone lying just by his right eye. Two feet, heavily booted, stopped in front of him, almost filling his small world.

'This one?' the officer's voice said, and Felipe's stomach contracted, a chill as of water on his spine.

'Sweet Jesus! Let it be quick!' he prayed.

He stared dully at the officer's boots. They were old, split, and starved for polish. Through a crack in the leather he could see gray stocking. The third boot, that of the man shot down next to him, lay still. The ant crawled into his wound, torturing him, but he clenched his teeth, frozen with fear, and remained motionless.

'You're right,' the officer said. 'Yes, you're right. He's no more dead than I am.'

There was a whistle as a stick swung violently through the air, and a thud. The third boot twitched violently, turned over and writhed in the dust. It kicked sideways, just missing Felipe's face. Then there was a shot, a second's pause, and the boot kicked upward and dropped back. Somewhere above him Felipe heard the officer laugh.

'It is a good gun,' his voice said. 'Not many were missed, even the first time, and there are many to come. Marxist scum shot back into the dirt from where they came.'

The feet crunched away, and Felipe was alone.

The sun came up, and more ants crawled into the open wound on his face. He tried to startle them, but he could not. He seemed to have stopped being himself any longer. The sun was hot, burning, shriveling hot, making his body wet, drawing the dampness out of the ground through his bones.

Time went by slowly, dragging with reluctant feet. The blood on his feet had dried to a hard crust, and the ants were swarming into his wound.

Everything that had happened the

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day before seemed to have been a year ago . . . The fighting in the streets; the gradual falling back; the screams of the wounded; the panic when a horse, hit in the rump with a bullet, raced madly among them with flying hooves; his father's white face . . . the Moors closing in . . . closing in . . . but he'd get away now . . . first the prison . . . then the gun . . . then the officer . . . then the ants. . . .

His eye rolled feebly round to where his right hand lay in the dust. There seemed to be no power left in his fingers, movement was hard, hard and painful, yet, setting his teeth, Felipe gradually closed his hand—closed it until the small clenched fist lay outstretched on the stones.

For four weeks he had fought for what he believed in, for four weeks he had been a man.

He was sixteen years old.

The Truth About Hitlerism

Nazi Germany was the worst place in which to look at Hitlerism. I had seen only half the picture, for, rightly or wrongly, only one party was allowed to give evidence in Germany. I had been, if you like, another German, one of the seventy million people who seemed to me to be being fooled and hoodwinked by a firm with a monopoly and a first-class publicity department. Many things had struck me during this journey as being absurd, tragic, fantastic, pitiful, incredible, wicked or downright comic, but nothing had been more incredible or tragic than the fact that the ordinary Germans, the men and women and children who made up the German nation, were allowed to know nothing of what was going on in their own country, and nothing more pitiful than the fact that they imagined that they knew everything. That is a fact. Your German knows as much of the truth about Hitlerism as the average South American Indian knows about the drainage system in Birmingham.

—From *German Journey*, by Christopher Sidgwick
(London: Hutchinson. 1936)

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This time, I am indubitably right . . .

On Changing One's Mind

By Y. Y.

From the *New Statesman and Nation*,
London Independent Weekly of the Left

LORD BALFOUR toward the end of his life told his niece, Mrs. Dugdale (who has now written his biography), that, looking back, he could remember having changed his opinion about scarcely anything. When I read this, I could not help wondering whether he was to be envied or not. Nothing surely could make a man more serenely happy than to feel that in the crises in his own or his country's life he was nearly always right. You may think that this would lead to complacency, but complacency, though widely condemned by the moralists, is at least a very agreeable sensation. The man who has never seen cause for changing his opinions lives in the sunshine of his own rightness and this is reflected in his disposition. Even in the hour of defeat, it is something to know that one is right. In the hour of victory, it is intoxicating—at times almost fatally so.

Yet who that has changed one of his opinions after another looks back longingly to the opinions he has abandoned? Most of us are inclined to congratulate ourselves rather on having escaped from folly into wisdom. We look back to our early tastes in literature, for example, and feel no regret in having got rid of a good number of them. There are, I suppose, people who are born with perfect taste, who never worshipped an idol with feet of clay—but they are rare even among the fastidious. For, especially when one is young, there are all sorts of reasons for enjoying books that have nothing to do with good taste. If one is a pious child, one can enjoy a poorly enough written story about the dying ten-year-old son of a burglar at the end of which the hard heart of the parent melts into a Christian softness.

I have been moved by many such stories, and thought them better literature at the age of ten than I think them now. I have also changed my opinion about the excellence of penny dreadfuls, and I do not rate Marie Corelli and Hall Caine quite so high

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as I rated them in the early 'nineties. Kipling became a god to me for half-a-dozen years; then, chiefly for political reasons, he became a vulgar rhetorician; finally, passions having cooled, I could enjoy his humor and his imaginative energy and cease to care what his opinions on politics were. This, I think, is a normal process in our taste for books. We come to lose interest in what we once loved passionately, and we come to love passionately what once bored us.

I remember how many attempts I had to make to read *David Copperfield* before I could get on with it. Even though I had liked others of Dickens's novels, I found *David Copperfield* heavy going. I persevered, however, and suddenly one day broke through into an enchanted world. When once you are converted to *David Copperfield*, I doubt whether you can ever change your opinion about it again. Certainly, I have never yet met a convert who changed his opinion about it again. To the end of life it remains one of the six greatest novels. I found no similar need to change my opinion about Scott and Thackeray; I liked them from the beginning, and though I no longer like them so extravagantly, I still hate to hear them belittled. Jane Austen, on the other hand—what girlish stuff she seemed to be to a schoolboy just learning to smoke in the prime, so to speak, of manhood! It took me quite a long time to enjoy the niceties of Jane Austen.

Looking back, indeed, I see my life as one long series of changes of opinion. I remember the time when I thought the verse of Mr. W. B. Yeats all but nonsense, and how it was succeeded by a time when I worshipped him. I remember the ecstasy and, after that, the boredom, of reading Swinburne. I remember when Emerson changed from a prophet into one of the great unread. One cannot help feeling a little sad at times at the thought of all the great writers one has deserted. One feels that one owes a certain loyalty to writers who once lit up the world for one, and that there is an element of treachery in neglecting them as if they were dross. How pleasant it is to open one of their books now and then, and to be able to feel while rereading it: 'Yes, he's good—not so good as I once thought him, but still good.' But even then, the old rapture can seldom be rekindled. Whitman, Emerson and Carlyle—they remain men of genius, but not on the old gigantic scale.

That, perhaps, is the penalty of having mingled teaching with literature. We become sated with the teaching and have no more appetite for it. Even Swinburne was in his way a teacher—a teacher of Victorian heresies. His teaching intensified the rapture of his disciples and the weariness of those who came after them. Much the same thing occurred in regard to the paintings of G. F. Watts. Men who found inspiration in him in the 'nineties now look for it in vain. Time has changed their opinions for them. The great teacher has vanished, and a great enough painter does not remain to make up for the loss.

It is obvious, of course, that our present opinions about once-loved writers and painters to whom we have turned Laodicean may be as wrong as we think our former opinions were. They may be due not to the improvement of our taste but to our fickleness. At the same time, we cannot help believing that our present opinions are

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always right. We are as complacent as the most consistent Conservative. Exalted by our latest opinion, we feel like a man who, having missed the way again and again, has found the right way at last.

You will notice this in some cases of religious conversion. I once knew a man who passed from Methodism to Atheism, and from Atheism to Unitarianism, and from Unitarianism to Catholicism, and who was equally confident at each stage that by changing his opinions he had found truth at last. He regarded me as hopelessly stupid when he vainly tried to thrust Ingersoll down my throat, and he afterwards regarded me as equally stupid when he fruitlessly assaulted me with quotations from Newman's *Grammar of Assent*. It would have been useless to say to him: 'You admit that you were wrong before. You may be wrong again.' Few people believe in the possibility of their being wrong again.

In this respect, I am as complacent as anyone. At least, in matters of politics. I have changed my political opinions a number of times and never once had I the slightest doubt that my new opinion was as patently true as an axiom in *Euclid*. Who that has ever experienced the raptures of Liberal Unionism can fail to remember what a grand inspired gospel it seemed? Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive. From that I passed on and became what I called an Imperialist Russellite Socialist. I was confident that if everybody else became an Imperialist Russellite Socialist—and I saw no reason, except their blindness to argument, why other people should not do so—the world would be transformed and we should all settle down to the enjoyment of liberty, equality, and fraternity, while the organ in the Ulster Hall played *Rule Britannia*. Veering somewhat in my opinions, I then became an International Nationalist, and I can assure you that once more I was vehemently convinced that I was right. I did not care twopence what I had believed in the past. I had now found the key to the world's salvation.

Unfortunately, I have not Mr. Gladstone's lifelong capacity for conversion and I cannot experience the ecstasy of being converted to any of those new creeds that have burst into existence during my middle age. I see all about me, however, younger men and women undergoing the marvelous experience of conversion, and I cannot but wonder whether, from a purely hedonistic view, they are not even more to be envied than the changeless Lord Balfour. To go through life without ever being converted to anything seems almost insensitive. The ideal world would be a world in which everybody was capable of conversion and in which at the same time the converts would admit the possibility that they might be mistaken.

That, unfortunately, is impossible. It is of the essence of conversion, or change of opinion, that the convert should know that he is absolutely and indubitably right. I myself sometimes wish that the people who are not sure that they are right would form a league to control the people who know that they are right and turn this splendid knowledge to the world's advantage. But then I have changed my opinions to a point at which I am not sure that my latest opinion is right. I do not even feel sure that my opinion that my latest opinion may not be right is right.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Emil Ludwig Pleads for Freedom

OF THE living German authors whose books have been translated and published abroad Emil Ludwig is perhaps the most widely read. His lives of Jesus, Napoleon, Goethe and Bismarck are known throughout the world: they are 'standard' biographies. It is therefore of particular interest to know what attitude Mr. Ludwig takes toward Nazi Germany. At this year's International Congress of the P. E. N. Clubs, held in Buenos Aires, he made his position clear in the following speech, which we translate from the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris German émigré weekly:—

I have the honor to speak to you in the name of the banished and exiled German writers. Personally I had the good fortune to emigrate to Switzerland thirty years ago, because of a decision made in my youth, and to have been a Swiss citizen for a long time; but I have always been a German writer; and on that May afternoon in 1933 I had the honor of sharing the fate of my best colleagues on a certain funeral pyre. I occupied a place between Heinrich Heine and Spinoza, and I think it was a more worthy death to have been burned between two geniuses of the German race than to receive the blessing of a few experts in racial lore. The books of authors well-known to you, Heinrich Mann, Thomas Mann, Stefan Zweig, Remarque, Feuchtwanger, and many others, after appearing in many editions, and so becoming the property of the German public, were suddenly declared to be traitorous by a party which had seized power.

Jews and Communists are anything but a majority of those who have been murdered and imprisoned. The same fate has befallen the 'democratic Aryans.' The famous Ossietzky, whom a large part of world opinion has proposed for the Nobel Peace Prize, is languishing in a prison of the so-called Third Reich. The majority of our burned authors have never written of politics. But dictators always maintain that their enemies are the arch-enemies of society. If a writer does not adapt himself to their ways of thought, he is labeled a Communist! In the indictments which are brought against them one may frequently read, 'pacifist documents were found in the possession of the accused.' There are also exiled Catholic writers, exiled solely because they believe in the Old Testament. An author who does not conform to the program of the Nazis, in which it is said that war forms a kind of hygiene for the people, must give up all hopes of publishing his books in Germany.

I have no right to classify German authors in their order of merit, but it is singular that almost all the German artists who are valued throughout the world are imprisoned or exiled today, while none of the authors who are acknowledged by the Third Reich is known outside its borders. The two famous authors on whom the Nazis pride themselves, Stefan George and Oswald Spengler, were opposed to the present Government, and the Nazis' love of them was therefore unreturned. They were two great minds, and they died in bitter loneliness.

Since we are speaking of the historical rôle of the spirit, I think it is an enormity that in a great country, which in other times was perhaps the most cultured in the world, the writer has been severed from his functions, and has been reduced to the level of a bureaucrat or a hired troubadour—I think it is an enormity that in the land of Schiller freedom of

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speech, of which you have spoken with so much veneration, should have been annulled.

At every Congress there are delegates who pretend that the P. E. N. Club has nothing to do with politics, and that we must confine ourselves to an academic discussion of our profession. Almost all the speakers at yesterday's session have emphasized the fact that we have nothing to do with politics, and yet every one of them has spoken of politics. We are always being invited to linger in the paradise of the spirit. Where is the dividing line between literature and politics? The production of books in Germany has decreased about 45 per cent in the last two years. Is that an exclusively literary problem? The rector of the oldest university in Germany, Heidelberg, explained at a formal session that objective science is only a phrase, and that the university must think exclusively of its rôle as servant of the state. I ask again, is that a political or a literary question?

But perhaps there are great Nazi writers. Who are they? The man who occupies the highest place in the new literary hierarchy, a certain Herr Blunck, President of the Reichskulturkammer, has just published a book, according to which America was not discovered by a Spaniard or a Genoese, as you have probably believed until now, but by a certain Dietrich Penning, a Dane of German origin. So you should now replace your beautiful monument to Columbus with a monument to Mr. Penning.

Still more disturbing is the problem of Jesus. How can it be denied that He was a Jew? Why, quite simply. Another German professor, Herr Franz von Wendrin, has demonstrated in a book that Jesus was really an Aryan, and was born in the vicinity of Mecklenburg. You see how low the followers of Kant have fallen. The noble German tradition has degenerated. Almost all of Goethe's books have been prohibited for school use. In the new German song books, they say of one of the most popular of German folk-songs '*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten*,' that it comes from an 'unknown author,' whereas the whole world knows that it is the work of Heinrich Heine. The German language, to us the most beautiful in the world, is in mourning.

Can an international Congress of writers be indifferent to such things? Is not the desire to be active against barbarism and for freedom of speech one of the fundamental principles of our organization? Has not freedom of speech been demanded by every one of the speakers in the last few days?

Is it possible that all of us who are gathered together in this room do not share one and the same opinion about war? Yet war is certainly being prepared today in the schools and the universities.

They have advised me not to breathe the noisome word *war* here, so as not to disturb the idyllic atmosphere of our gathering. When a régime has maintained power for several years by means of what is now called its 'dynamism,' the greater part of public opinion begins to believe in the qualities of that régime. If I have permitted myself to direct your attention to these things, it has been in order to make you understand that the fate of the German writers may be your fate tomorrow, at least in Europe. From one Congress to the next we see the number of countries which have fallen under a censorship increase. If we are able to meet once more before the next war begins, this number will be larger still. Perhaps our next Congress will be forced to meet on an unknown island in Oceania, and perhaps the historians of the future will call it the last refuge of the spirit.

I have spoken because I considered it my duty to speak, to warn you, but I have another reason for speaking. If at some future date an historian writes of an International Congress of Writers and Artists which was held in the year 1936, he will no longer be able to say that, in the presence of immediate dangers which

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menaced the spirit and those who serve the spirit, this Congress was silent.

We agree with Goethe, who said, 'He alone deserves freedom, or even life, who fights for it every day,' or with that great Argentinian, Moreno, who said, 'I like a dangerous freedom better than a peaceful servitude.'

Yugoslav Folk-Music

WRITING in the Belgrade fortnightly, the *Balkan Herald*, an American composer, Henry Cowell, gives his impressions of Yugoslav folk-music:—

All European folk-music is of interest to musicians. Folk-song has been for centuries a source of supply for vital and fresh ideas for the greatest of composers, who have almost without exception used folk-music ideas in major works. The direct, pulsating, warm expression of the people is reflected in their natural song. Yet the folk-music of Europe is not without influence from cultivated music systems. It is not, like primitive music, a direct and uninfluenced expression springing directly from the people who practise it. In the case of virtually all European folk-music, there has been an unconscious influence from some of the scales, chords, and even the forms of so-called 'art' music. The folk-music of central and western Europe uses the scales of Europe's cultivated music—mostly the major and minor scales. The British Isles use the more archaic ecclesiastical modes, a remnant of influence from centuries ago. Spanish music has a strong leaning toward the old Moorish, in turn a remnant of old Arabic musical culture.

The most fascinating folk-music of the world should be, then, that music which has the greatest diversity of influences, plus a strong musicality on the part of the people who practise it.

The folk-music of Yugoslavia is such a music. For weary-long centuries, Serbia was overrun with Turks, who nominally conquered the land. The original language was prohibited. Yet the undaunted Serbs retired to mountain fastnesses where it was impossible to drive them out, and preserved the traditions of their people and the knowledge of the ancient deeds of the almost mythologically great heroes of archaic times by means of a stirring epic music—the music of the chanting of ancient epics to the accompaniment of the *gusla*. Nowhere in the rest of the world is a purer form of chanting of sagas to be found, and probably only in North Iceland as pure a form.

The *gusla* is an instrument of the same family as the violin. It has sloping shoulders, and its hollow resonating cavity is usually smaller around, but deeper through, than a violin. Each peasant who plays one usually makes his own instrument, and thus each is different from the other. They are not, thank God, standardized, and all made just alike! Usually the head-piece is hand-carved, often with the head of a horse, the most beloved animal of the ancient heroes. The rest of the *gusla* is dedicated to the love of the horse also, since not only is the bow made of horse-hair, which we know in our violin bows, but also that which is played upon by the bow, taking the place of the cat-gut string of the violin, is a strand of horse-hairs wound together! The players spend countless hours polishing these hairs, that they will give forth a more musical tone.

The music of the *gusla* sounds weird and monotonous to the uninitiated. Many times even the people of Serbia do not appreciate its deep value. But there is passionate power in it. It uses only three different tones, which are not exactly comparable to any tones of the western scale, but approximately a half-step apart. These are repeated, not exactly, as one at first believes, but with every variation possible to three different tones, in grandiose, wide-sweeping stanzas of five poetic feet each—all the old epic poems which are thus recited are built on this rhythm, which gives the music a peculiar

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and irregular rhythmic structure. At the end of long cadences, one additional tone will be sung—and how dramatic this new tone sounds after great lengths of using only three tones altogether! In the sophisticated music using all twelve tones of the chromatic scale freely at all times there is nothing more telling than the use of this one extra tone as dramatic punctuation, used so sparingly that it may appear only once in five or more minutes.

The only touch of the Homeric style of chanting epic poems that still lives in the world today is in the chanting to the *gusla*. The *gusla* playing, however, is not the only folk-music of unique charm in Yugoslavia. To enumerate each peasant ceremonial where traditional music plays a part would be impossible. It is characteristic that each village, no matter how tiny, has a musical tradition of its own. It will have, not only its own melodies, but actually in many cases its own musical style—its own unique tone in the scale, or a rhythmic peculiarity, or other distinguishing mark.

However, some features are common to all parts. On any hill or mountainside may be heard the sound of a shepherd playing on either a bagpipe or a flute. He makes the instruments himself. Each one has a slightly different scale, yet each one is in tune with some traditional standard (usually not European!), and I have yet to hear one that sounded unmusical. The bagpipe may be made of a pig's or lamb's skin, has one low drone tone sounded throughout, and usually five to eight other tones on which plaintive melodies are reiterated. Some flutes have five- or seven-tone scales, nearly always based on ancient Oriental modes. Most interesting is the double-flute with two pipes like those of Pan, both played at the same time.

Better known to the world at large are the combinations known as *tambouritza* orchestras—groups of instruments of the guitar class—home-made, and of every size from a tiny very high one to the grandfather deep bass, as large as the double bass of the string family in our orchestras. These are used for dance and accompaniment, and the players of them pick up harmony from the western music system by ear-playing a characteristic series of rather simple chords, always ending on what western musicians would consider the fifth degree of the scale. This ending tone gives Yugoslavian folk-music a definite characteristic, and, in spite of its wide variety, a homogeneity.

Besides the instruments, there is much choral singing—developed through the native musicality of the peasants, who always naturally fall into harmony and many vocal parts when singing together. The harmony is always pure, and in tune; yet it is not in the least like the chords of western Europe, because the harmony is usually applied to scales which show the influence of the Orient. The adaption of harmony, a western Europe idea, to the wider-than-western variety of Near Eastern scales and melody-patterns gives birth to a music with many of the strongest features of Oriental and Occidental music combined; and this combination is not one of dry artifice, worked out according to some preconceived notion of harmony and counterpoint, but is the spontaneous outcome of influences of the best music of ancient Arabia and of all western Europe, come together in the district that has for ages been the pathway between Europe and Asia. This combination creates a new musical entity through being created, sung and played with an unparalleled fervency and musical vehemence by a people who are not surpassed in native musicality in the whole world.

We look forward to the time when the excellent cultivated musicians of Yugoslavia, of which there are, of course, many, will base a whole musical style on this rich foundation, building for themselves a complete musical expression, instead of trying to adapt native melodies to harmonies based on western-European harmony text books!

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Manhattan Night

TWO well-known Russian humorists, Ilya Ilf and Yevgeniï Petrov, visit New York and relate their impressions in the Moscow *Pravda*:—

It was already evening when we went out on the streets of New York. A white taxi with three winking lamps on its roof, somewhat like an old-fashioned wedding coach, took us to our hotel. At first we were tortured by the thought that, in our inexperience, we had gotten into the wrong taxi, that we were ridiculous and provincial. But after having ventured a frightened look out of the window, we saw all around us taxis with the same silly lamps ours had. That made us feel a little better.

The thirty-two brick stories of our hotel were fading into the reddish night sky. We liked our rooms, but did not bother to look at them thoroughly. Quickly to the streets! Into the roaring city!

Immediately we were overtaken by a minor disaster. We thought that we would stroll along slowly, looking carefully to all sides, as it were contemplating, observing, absorbing. But New York is not that kind of a city. All around us people were, not walking, but running. So we ran too. From that time on we could not stop. We stayed a whole month in New York, and during all that time were in a dreadful hurry to get somewhere. And we ran around with such a preoccupied and businesslike air that Rockefeller himself might have envied us.

And so we were off. We rushed by fiery signs saying *Cafeteria*, or *United Cigars*, or *Drugs-Soda*, and others quite as attractive, but as yet enigmatic. In this way we ran up to 42nd Street, where we stopped. In all the big cities of the world one can find a place where people look at the moon through a telescope. Here too, we found a telescope. It was mounted on an automobile, and pointed to the sky. It was run by a very ordinary man, the same type that can be seen running a telescope in Athens, or Naples, or Odessa; and he had the unhappy look of men with telescopes the world over.

The moon could be seen in the gap between two sixty-story buildings, but the curious people clinging to the telescope did not look at the moon, but much higher; namely, at the top of the Empire State Building—an edifice of one hundred and two stories. For a long time we stood silently craning our necks. The newspaper boys around us roared hoarsely. The ground trembled under our feet, and from under the grills in the sidewalk there would come sudden gusts of heat, as if from a furnace. That was a Metro, or as it is called here, a 'subway' train passing by underground. Again we rushed forward, deafened by the cries of the newsboys.

One can't say that 42nd Street was inadequately lighted, and yet Broadway, illuminated by millions or perhaps even billions of electric lights, filled with whirling and leaping advertisements, made up of miles of colored lights, rose up before us as unexpectedly as New York itself rises from the infinite emptiness of the Atlantic Ocean. Here electricity is reduced or exalted, as you wish, to the level of a trained circus animal. Here it is made to grimace, jump over obstacles, sing, and dance. Edison's stately electricity has been transformed into a trained seal. It catches balls with its nose, juggles, dies, and comes back to life again. Neither the stars nor the moon can be seen. They are all dimmed by the glare of the electric signs. In the show windows, among plaid neckties, tiny glowing price-tags whirl around and do somersaults—they are the micro-organisms in the electrical cosmos that is Broadway.

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In the midst of the terrific din, a tranquil beggar plays a saxophone. A gentleman in a top hat is going to the theater, accompanied by a lady wearing an evening gown with a train. A blind man with his dog passes slowly by, like a somnambulist. There is a smell of cigars, both expensive and cheap.

The human surf of Broadway dragged us back and forth a few times, and then threw us out on some side street. An autobus was passing by, and we jumped into it without thinking.

EVEN many days later, when we could find our way in the New York maelstrom, we could not remember where that autobus took us that first evening. Perhaps it was a Chinese section, but it could just as well have been an Italian or Jewish one. We walked along the narrow smelly streets. Electricity here was of the ordinary, not trained, kind. It was dim, and refrained from somersaults. A gigantic policeman was leaning against a wall. Noticing the uncertainty with which we were walking along the street, he came toward us, but not getting the expected inquiry, again resumed his position by the wall, a majestic and trim representative of law and order.

Sounds of an infinitely tedious song were coming from one miserable little house. A man standing near the entrance told us that this was a Salvation Army 'flop-house.'

You ask: 'Who comes there to spend the night?' Anybody. No one will ask his name. No one will be interested in his occupation or his past. The overnight guest gets a bed, coffee, and bread *gratis*. In the morning coffee and bread again. Then he can go away. The only condition is that he must join in the evening and morning prayers.

Sounds of singing from the house bore witness to the fact that this single condition was being fulfilled. We went in.

In the shabby little hall, on the benches which descended amphitheater-wise to the small stage, two hundred overnight guests were sitting frozen into immobility. The singing had just ended, and the next number on the program was beginning. Between the American national flag on the stage, and the Biblical texts hung on the wall, a ruddy old man in black was skipping around like a clown. He talked and gesticulated passionately, as if trying to sell something. He was telling the educational story of his life, of the beneficial crisis that took place in his heart when he turned toward God. He used to be a bum ('a down-and-out bum, just like you, you old devils!'). He behaved terribly, he blasphemed ('Remember your own habits, my friends!'); but it's all over now. Now he has his own house and lives in it, like a decent man ('God made us in His own image, didn't He?'); not long ago, he even bought himself a radio—and God did it all!

The tedious singing began again. The overnight guests were terrible to look at. Most of them were no longer young. Unshaven, with dull eyes, they sat swaying on their rude benches. They sang docilely and sluggishly. Some of them, no longer able to cope with the day's fatigue, had fallen asleep. We had a lively picture of their wanderings through the depths of New York, their days spent near the bridges and packing houses, among the garbage in the age-old mists of human decay. After this, to sit in a flop-house and sing hymns must have been torture. Then before the audience came a husky fellow, glowing with health. He had a purple vaudeville nose and a sea-captain's voice. He was vivacious to the last degree. There followed another story about the happy results of turning to God. It seems that the skipper had also been a formidable sinner in his time. He did not have much imagination, and he finished by saying that now, with the help of God, he, too, had a radio.

Another song. The skipper waved his hands, evincing considerable experience as a conductor. Two hundred men, ground

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into dust by life, sat there listening to the shameless prattle. These beggars were not offered work—only God, as malicious and exacting as a devil. They did not protest. A God who went with a cup of coffee and a piece of bread was not so bad. Then let us sing, brothers, in praise of the coffee God. And throats accustomed to pouring forth only the vilest abuse roared sleepy Hallelujahs in praise of the Lord.

Late that night we went back to our hotel, not disappointed by New York, nor yet enchanted by it, but rather disturbed by its immensity, its wealth, and its poverty.

Books by the Pound

HERE is a Frenchman's somewhat contemptuous view of the American publishing business (Curt Riess in *Marianne*, Paris liberal weekly):—

We Europeans have a past, and some illusions about the present. The Americans have neither the one nor the other. We Europeans, when we talk literature and books, think of poets walking against the forest-background with a sheet of paper and a pencil in their hands, of novelists writing all night long in chill attics, of a Flaubert laboring a whole day to master a rebellious sentence, of a Zola breaking with the whole world to throw in its face what he had to say.

As for the American, he thinks that a book is a piece of merchandise, and a piece of merchandise can be sold only when it meets an existing need of the market, and only on condition, too, that the possible buyers are abundantly informed of the existence of the merchandise now at their disposal. What people mean when they speak of American business methods, which are the same from Wall Street to Hollywood, from the canneries of Chicago to the prize rings of Manhattan, is nothing but a persistent effort on the part of all those who have something to sell (and who does not have something to sell in the United States?), be it an idea or a boxer, a tip on the stock market or an invention. By dint of this persistent effort every one seeks to show that the merchandise which he is offering is of excellent quality, quite superior to anything to be found at his competitor's, and each man's demonstrations become more and more strident in direct proportion to the efforts made by his competitors. It is a question of getting yourself noticed at any cost. This holds good for a beauty cream, for a boxing match, for a lyric poem.

In Europe a purchaser enters a book store. There he finds the new book which has 'just been published.' Perhaps he has chanced to hear that the author was engaged in writing this book, and that it was on the point of coming out. He thumbs through the book and buys it. Perhaps he will even read it. In a little while, one day or other, some critics will devote an article to this volume. Perhaps they will discover that it is really a remarkable piece of work, that it deserves to be considered a masterpiece of high order, and it will then be widely read—or, on the other hand, very little. But what is certain is that it will be read over a fairly long period, that even years after its publication it will still be sought out by purchasers, and that those purchasers will have a fair chance of finding it in the book stores.

In America things are done differently.

An author has written a book. It is printed. While the type is still being set the publisher is already doing whatever is necessary to make the author known. The launching of the book is prepared in the same way as is that of a big boxing match or a Hollywood movie. The press is flooded with reports and rumors about the author. Suddenly it is announced that he will be present at such and such an exposition. Suddenly his photograph appears in the newspapers, showing him at a floral exhibit with a celebrated artist, or taking a cocktail with an important politician. Suddenly he becomes a personage whose

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deeds and acts are forced on the attention of the whole world, whether it wishes or not.

Meanwhile the book has already been printed; but it has not yet 'appeared.' They set the date of its publication, they decide exactly the day, the hour, the minute at which it will be placed at the disposal of the purchasers. The book 'appears,' which means that the book stores have the right to put copies of it on their shelves and place them on sale on Monday of such and such a date at three o'clock in the afternoon. That is the exact moment at which the work in question will be offered to the public simultaneously in several hundred different book stores in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and even in the remotest hamlets. The curtain has just gone up on the book's première.

Meanwhile they have already offered the literary critics a dress rehearsal of the book, so to speak. These gentlemen have received the book a week in advance; but on the solemn understanding that they will not breathe a word of it before the day of the première. On the other hand, on the day indicated all the newspapers will contain a review of the book.

All the newspapers? Certainly, for every newspaper has a literary critic.

But suppose there was no space in the paper that day? Suppose a war had just broken out in Europe? Suppose a movie star had announced her divorce? Never fear, the space would not be lacking: the literary critic has a column at his disposal. It is reserved for him. He has not only the right but the duty to fill it. Every day he is obliged to review a book—at least one book. Thus every day he is obliged to read a book—at least one book.

The book is launched. It will be successful, or it will not be successful. Chance will play a part here, as in the theater. Sometimes it will be an extraordinary success. In that case the book will be classed as a best-seller, as a successful business venture.

In case it is successful a play may run two or three years, especially in America. In contrast to this, the life of a book, endless in Europe, is generally much shorter in the United States. Even a best-seller is old at the end of six months. A year or a little more after its grand première they will publish a popular edition of it. Hundreds of thousands of copies will thus be thrown on the market again, at a price of a few cents.

And then?

Then the book will be dead. It will be deader than a corpse. It will be as if the book had never existed. Try to find in a New York book store a book which has dated a little. Not some book by a little known author, but, for example, Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt* (we choose this book wholly at random). The most celebrated, the most popular American books have disappeared hardly more than a few years after their publication. The book stores no longer carry them in stock. The publishers no longer print a single copy.

Literary value, the timelessness of art, tradition—these are pretty words. But business is business!

The fate of every American book—of every book, without a single exception—is to relapse into oblivion. It is forgotten for the simple reason that it is not re-issued. For the simple reason that every day they are printing other books. For the simple reason that every day the premières of new books are being held, to the accompaniment of a terribly noisy parade, and that the public's attention is constantly absorbed by them. For the simple reason, finally, that in America the simplest event is accompanied by such a hubbub that the memory cannot retain what happened the day before.

The fate of a book in the United States?

A brilliant première. Books will never become literature there. Their destruction would be no less complete under the cinders of Pompeii than under the 365 days of an American year.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Which Way To Peace?

Which Way to Peace? *Bertrand Russell. London: Michael Joseph. 1936.*

(Aldous Huxley in the *Listener*, London)

BY ALL but those rare beings who approve of slaughter for its own sake war is regarded as a means to certain desirable ends. The complete pacifist and the militarist (or partial pacifist) have identical ends in view. Both want peace, justice and the right to live. But whereas the complete pacifist will use only peaceful means to realize his peaceful ends, the partial pacifist is prepared, in emergency, to use warlike means, and considers it necessary to overawe potential enemies with a perpetual display of armed might.

In the course of the last twenty years the advance of technology has changed the nature of war out of all recognition. Among other instruments of destruction, unknown to earlier generations, we possess airplanes that travel at half the speed of sound, incendiary substances that will produce temperatures not far below that which prevails on the surface of the sun, gases that suffocate and liquids that can burn their way through skin and flesh. Such are the means at our disposal. If we employ such means and have them employed in return upon ourselves, can we possibly achieve the ends we all desire? Consider an example. Here is a democracy menaced by a Fascist State. Will a war waged with modern weapons in the defence of free institutions result in the preservation of those institutions? Or will it not rather result in anarchy and that utter chaos which is the worst enemy of democracy?

Good ends do not justify bad or even inappropriate means, for the simple reason that means condition the ends they produce. Your end may be peace and justice; but if your means are planes and thermite and vesicants and high explosives, it is hardly conceivable that you should in fact achieve any end except a reversion to barbarism.

It is with the problem of ends and means that Mr. Russell is primarily concerned in this little masterpiece of lucid exposition and well-marshaled argument. His appeal throughout is 'only to common sense and common humanity, not to any abstract ethical principle.' He states what we all want and proceeds to ask whether it is probable or even possible that we should get it by means of modern war. After a patient and dispassionate consideration of the available evidence he decides that no desirable human ends can possibly be realized by such means. Having come to this conclusion, he proceeds to advocate complete pacifism as the only practicable policy.

War, Mr. Russell begins, is imminent. Until the advent of Hitler 'it was in the power of England and France to direct European development towards a genuine peace.' England and France failed to do so; Nazism made its appearance, and today 'the momentum of events points to war in the very near future.' A number of policies have been devised with the aim of preserving peace in Europe or, more modestly, of keeping Britain out of the next war. After describing, with copious citations from the military experts, the probable nature of that war, Mr. Russell proceeds to consider these various policies in detail. They are all found wanting. 'Isolationism combined with imperialism is ignorant and stupid.' If we want to defend our Empire, we must have allies; for we are no longer in a position to defend it unassisted. Isolationism is incompatible with imperialism—a reason, among others, for getting rid of imperialism.

Like 'sanctions' and 'international po-

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lice force,' 'collective security' is a name that has brought much illusory comfort to well-intentioned people who do not like to shock their own ears with the coarse word *war*. Unhappily, the facts of collective security are less consoling than the name. 'Nations will only go to war when they believe their national interests to be involved; and the enforcement of international law is not yet recognized as in itself a national interest. I am not at all sure that, in the present state of the world, it is desirable that it should be, since the effect might only be to enlarge the area of wars and make them all world-wide.'

An important chapter is devoted to 'wars of principle.' There are many people who think that we ought not to remain neutral in a conflict, for example, between democracy and Fascism, but should be ready to wage a war of principle against the enemies of freedom. 'I confess,' says Mr. Russell, 'that the old Adam within me boils with rage at the thought of what may happen if we sit still. The matter, however, is too serious to be left to the judgment of the old Adam.' Considering the question dispassionately, he decides that not even the noblest end can justify anyone in using the means placed at men's disposal by the modern armament maker. 'I find my reason convinced, however instinct may protest, that war, as it has now become, is not a method by which any good thing can be preserved.'

Having shown that all the orthodox policies are practically certain to defeat their own ends, Mr. Russell goes on to examine the policy of complete pacifism. Defencelessness, he notes, offers greater security than armaments. If there is another war, we shall most probably take part in it. In that case it is almost certain that London and other English cities will be bombed—with results so appalling that imagination shrinks from envisaging them. Denmark is defenceless; but in spite of this, or rather because of it, Copenhagen will almost certainly not be bombed. Disarmament—even unilateral disarmament—would seem to be the best guarantee of peace and security.

The final chapter, 'Which Way to Peace?' deals with individual pacifism. In a world like ours, what ought the individual to do? Mr. Russell is perfectly explicit. 'The duty of every friend of mankind, of every man who cares for any aspect of civilized life, of every patriot and of every parent who desires the survival of his children is simple and clear: to abstain from fighting and from all voluntary participation in war between civilized States; to use every effort to persuade others to do likewise; to bring all possible influence to bear to prevent the participation of his country in war; and within the limits of his capacity to aim at similar results in other countries also.' It is a conclusion which many individuals will be very reluctant to accept. But the argument by which it has been reached appeals 'only to common sense and common humanity.' Let those who reject Mr. Russell's conclusion attempt to refute him by means of similar arguments. They will find the task exceedingly difficult.

Mussolini's War

La Preparazione e le prime operazioni. *By Emilio De Bono. Rome: National Fascist Institute of Culture. 1936.*

(From the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zurich)

MARSHAL EMILIO DE BONO, who, as High Commissioner, directed the preparations and afterward, as Commander, the first operations of the Ethiopian campaign, has written a very autobiographical and polemical book about his activities in East Africa, a book to which Mussolini has contributed the introduction. It is an astonishing book—first of all because it discloses the Herculean tasks of military preparations in a country lacking everything, even the most fundamental requisites for a modern campaign, and secondly because of the

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free and easy tone in which the aged marshal dashes off his sentences. In addition, the documentary part of the book reveals much that is new and heretofore unknown. Thus the astonishing fact is established (even though perhaps not intended by De Bono) that the real leader of the preparations and of the initial operations was Mussolini himself. The exchange of telegrams between the Duce and De Bono shows clearly that the latter was merely the executor, the faithful servant of his master. To be sure, he occasionally had ideas of his own and tried to kick over the traces; but he always returned to the invisible guidelines reaching from Mussolini's desk in the Palazzo di Venezia to East Africa. This eager self-effacement is, however, more than compensated by the violent outbreaks in which the Marshal sublimates his will to power. They are directed against the General Staff, which as late as 1932 had not yet accepted the necessity for the war in Ethiopia; against several Government agencies which seemed to him lacking in determination; against the Chief of Staff, Badoglio, and the Colonial Secretary Lessona, whom he accuses of an easy-going attitude—'*faciloneria;*' indeed, even against God, to whom he but grudgingly concedes the right of remaining neutral in war. When he comes to the Ethiopian character in general and the Coptic priesthood in particular, he almost descends to the language of the gutter.

The reader who expects from this book a statistical balance-sheet of Italy's first push into Ethiopia will be disappointed. 'All I say,' De Bono remarks ironically, 'is in itself so tiresome that I need not load it down with figures.' The book's interest comes from the facts it presents for the first time, facts which throw new light on the Italo-Ethiopian relations.

Thus De Bono reports that as early as the fall of 1933 Mussolini foresaw the necessity of an offensive war against Ethiopia. On December 30, 1934, Il Duce personally set down in writing the 'outlines and plans of action for a solution of the Italo-Ethiopian problem.' It was a secret document of which only five copies were distributed. In these directives for a military invasion into Ethiopia Mussolini noted that 'time works against us' and thus that haste was in order. He calculated the military forces required at 60,000 natives and at least the same number of Italian soldiers. On May 18, with De Bono in Eritrea, ready to prepare for the war, Il Duce wrote him, in a personal letter: 'There is talk of diplomatic measures against Italy . . . It may be necessary for us to resign from the League of Nations . . . You must provide food and ammunition for at least three years.' Toward the end of May, 1935, Il Duce asked for General De Bono's opinion as to whether the Treaty of Friendship concluded with Ethiopia ten years before should be denounced. De Bono and Graziani were against this step, lest politics should interfere with the technical work of preparation. On June 26 De Bono received a further important communication from Mussolini telling him of Eden's trip to Rome, and of his proposals. The situation is characterized as follows: 'The English attitude has helped rather than hindered us.' In the same letter Mussolini announced his visit to Eritrea at the outbreak of hostilities. He stated that the blow to be directed against Ethiopia 'must have a decisive effect at the outset. . . . You have only one hundred and twenty days left to prepare yourself.'

Since Ethiopia also was rearming feverishly De Bono began to fear that the Negus might strike during the rainy season. Mussolini ordered his General to be ready by September 10, since in the face of the political events in Europe it seemed advisable for Italy to regard Ethiopia as a hostage in case of any eventuality. Mussolini accelerated the preparations for the offensive as British enmity waxed. At the same time, however, he sent a secret note to De Bono, telling him that Italy, in case of a war with England, would naturally give up the idea of an

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offensive in Ethiopia, limiting herself to the defensive, in order to protect her East African colonies. As soon as the danger of war with England had disappeared, Mussolini set the date for the invasion of Ethiopia at the beginning of October.

On September 29 De Bono sent the following telegram to his chief in Rome: 'Must know in time whether declaration of war is to be delivered. In affirmative case whether proclamation to troops will come from King or you, or whether I am to give orders. In latter case I shall limit myself to ten words. Should like to know whether legation is to depart beforehand.' The same day Mussolini replied: 'No declaration of war. In view of general mobilization officially announced by Negus in Geneva we must hesitate no longer. I order that the attack is to begin in the early hours of October 3. Expect immediate confirmation.'

The ensuing events are well known. On October 3 Italian troops crossed the river Mareb, and pushed into Ethiopian territory. In accordance with Mussolini's instructions De Bono occupied Adowa, where the Italians had suffered an annihilating defeat in 1896; after this Aksum, the 'Holy City.' Mussolini now urged his General to advance on Makale; for the first time De Bono raised difficulties. He claimed that an immediate advance on Makale would leave the right flank of the attacking column unprotected, thus creating a dangerous situation in Tambien. Il Duce, however, persisted in his orders 'because of political motives.' De Bono now began, in long, moving telegrams, to beg for time, to bargain for weeks, then days, then just a few days, finally for hours. . . . Mussolini proved to him from Rome that his objections were invalid and succeeded in having the advance set a week ahead of the date fixed by De Bono. And Makale was taken in precisely the manner and under the circumstances which Mussolini had foreseen.

When De Bono, after the taking of Makale, returned to headquarters, he found the following telegram from Il Duce: 'Personal. With the reoccupation of Makale I regard your mission in East Africa as finished, a mission which you have carried out under extraordinarily difficult circumstances and which earns you the gratitude of the nation now and in the future. Your undeniable merits, universally acknowledged, are to be expressly confirmed by facts. I hereby announce that I have designated Marshal Badoglio as your successor. In the expectation of seeing you soon I embrace you with unchanged friendship. Mussolini.'

At this point in the book De Bono breaks out into a cry from the bottom of his heart: 'The advance on Makale was my swan song! I replied at once. Among other things I said in my telegram that I was happy over the recall. This was a gigantic lie. A soldier leaves his command only with the greatest sorrow. . . .'

Traffic in Arms

THE PRIVATE MANUFACTURE OF ARMAMENTS. Volume I. *By Philip Noel-Baker, M. P. London: Gollancz. 1936.*

(J. M. D. P. in the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester)

THE many people all over the world who believe that peace and disarmament can never be reconciled with the private manufacture of arms have until now been handicapped before their Governments by lack of authoritative evidence. There have been able pamphlets written and books with a propagandist aim; the Royal Commission on Arms Manufacture in this country and, still more, the Senate Commission in the United States have done something to remedy the want; but there has as yet been nothing to compare in thoroughness and authority with Mr. Noel-Baker's great work.

One should say at the outset that this is a book on the grand scale. On his own admission, Mr. Noel-Baker has spent over ten years in its preparation. This, the first of two volumes, is nearly six hundred

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pages in length, and one could not estimate the number of reports, speeches, letters, and articles from which quotations have been taken. More than half the book consists of documents, for it is, above all, an attempt 'to substitute fact for feeling' and to prove what in the nature of things can only be proved by circumstantial evidence. It is an arsenal of facts which should in future years furnish politicians, leader-writers, and pamphleteers with enough ammunition to end the private traffic in arms.

There are, one may say, three lines of argument against the private manufacture of arms: the moral, the military, and the political. Of these the last is by far the most important and forms the subject of this first volume. The moral argument, which more than any has helped to stir public feeling in this country—the feeling that it is wrong for men to profit by the death of their fellow-creatures and wrong for British soldiers to be killed by British guns, as happened at Gallipoli in the last war—Mr. Noel-Baker dismisses briefly:—

'The paradox lies not, as some readers may perhaps hastily assume, in the wickedness, hypocrisy, greed, or self-deception of the manufacturers of arms. It lies deeper than the weaknesses of individual men. It is inherent in the system in which we are all alike enmeshed, a system which leads, in the modern world, with the inevitability of mathematics, to a conflict between the public interest of the nation and the sectional interest of private individuals and corporations.'

The argument that it is, in fact, inadvisable to rely on private firms since foreign countries have the benefit of their manufactures is to be discussed in the second volume; in the first Mr. Noel-Baker has been content to mention some striking illustrations. In 1934, for instance, Hadfield's, Ltd., produced a new armor-piercing shell, and Sir Robert Hadfield told his shareholders that 'his new shell will pass through 15 inch armor—as thick as any armor the navy now possesses—and travel on unbroken a further distance of nine miles. He claimed that this shell "has now removed the last outstanding difficulty in the attack of armor under modern conditions." Sir Robert further told his shareholders that this "Hadfield-Clerke relieved-base armor-piercing projectile . . . has been patented in eight different countries." The Governments of eight different countries, therefore, know how to make it.'

But all this is irrelevant to the 'major evils.' As Mr. Noel-Baker shows, so long as Governments trust to private manufacture of arms, they must encourage these private firms to export arms in order to maintain their business. What matters is the policy the private firms adopt to run that business:—

'Peace and good understanding, the faithful observance of international law, the friendly settlement of international disputes by arbitration, the reduction and limitation of national armed forces, the removal by mutual concessions of the causes of friction or war, the sentiment of friendship, confidence, and security among the nations of the world—all these are factors which must inevitably increase the "sales resistance" which the private manufacturers of arms must overcome.'

How they manage to overcome them Mr. Noel-Baker proceeds to show in chapter after chapter of documented examples. Two of the most interesting chapters are on the control of the press by arms manufacturers and their influence in 'patriotic' societies.

Not only does Mr. Noel-Baker show conclusively that private arms manufacturers try to influence public opinion against peace and disarmament and towards unsettled conditions which lead to war, but he shows that their efforts are often successful:—

'Ever since the League of Nations came to life in 1920 private arms firms have been employing again the methods which they adopted in the years before 1914. They have been soliciting orders, bribing

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Ministers and officials, selling arms in whatever market they could find, playing Governments off against each other, subsidizing armament propaganda, purchasing and otherwise influencing the press, creating scares and panics that keep the peoples in a constant state of anxiety and alarm. We have seen them scoffing at the League of Nations, joyfully proclaiming that disarmament is dead, supplying the arms for the conduct of Covenant-breaking wars, spreading the doctrine that great wars must follow small ones, that pacts are only "scraps of paper," that safety lies in national armaments alone.'

But it is impossible to show the value of this book by quotation for the very reason that its value depends so much on quotation in the first place. Eloquent and moving though the final chapters on the failure of disarmament are, it is not they but the many chapters of solid, even of dull, reading, in which the evidence is collected and analyzed, that give it its great importance.

By his calm attitude, without exaggerating the part played by private manufacture in causing war, and by refusing to consider the manufacturers as a race of outcast Yahoos, Mr. Noel-Baker has made his indictment doubly impressive. He relies on the facts, and only on the facts, and no rational being who reads through this first volume will ever again defend the private manufacture of arms if there is any possible alternative, or will refuse to applaud the famous phrase of a traveler for an American firm who described his trade as 'one hell of a business where a fellow has to wish for trouble so as to make a living.'

Wotan in Naziland

Wodans Wiederkunft. *By Urs Liechti. Zurich: Jean Christophe-Verlag. 1936.*

(Hans Sahl in the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris)

A DELIGHTFUL little book, entitled *Wotan's Return*, has just been published. It tells of a Swiss citizen who goes to Germany to study neo-Paganism. It is a merry travelogue written in sad times, and we confess that it has been long since we have laughed as loudly as we did over this excellent book by the excellent Urs Liechti of Berne, who is a real Swiss and a right good fellow to boot.

To give an adequate idea of the satiric power of this author, one would almost have to reprint the entire book—so well is it written and with such lively humor does the author describe the goings-on at the 'Thing' places and the sacred groves of the Third Reich. But space is limited, and whoever desires to know more about that strange tribe to the north of the Alps should read for himself what our Helvetian Tacitus has to say.

As the book opens the author is on a business trip to Berchtesgaden, driving a car belonging to a German business acquaintance. Suddenly there is a shrieking of sirens, and a huge cloud of dust rolls past—the Führer. Hardly has the narrator recovered from his fright when he sees a group of women in the moonlight. They are sweeping the dust raised by the Führer into silver bowls, to sell it, of all things, for the Winter Aid. Being unfamiliar with the country and its customs, the stranger asks a few subversive questions, but the S.A., which has meanwhile been summoned, brings him to reason with rubber truncheons, robs him of his car and pocketbook and leaves him in the wood with a split lip.

'By Alberich,' he curses, invoking the Wagnerian hero of ancient legend —and at once the misshapen dwarf Alberich appears, raises his hand in the German salute, and presents him with a cap of invisibility. Henceforth he is able to observe the national resurgence without being seen.

What follows is more unreal than a fairy tale, but at the same time is invested with the deep and compelling logic of exaggeration which is the very essence of true satire. Hidden in his cloak, our hero comes to a great clearing and witnesses the trial of Charlemagne, the 'Saxon killer.' The

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trial has been ordered by the National Socialist Investigation and Arbitration Commission (*Uschla*), under the chairmanship of Major Walter Buch. There is great shouting, blowing of horns and flourishing of drums. After the Horst Wessel song has been sung, the accused Emperor, who is present in person, is condemned to death, that is to say, to loss of immortality. The man from Berne flees in terror.

He falls into the hands of a member of the League of German Girls, who makes such a determined effort to initiate him into the Teutonic Mythology and its love cult that he makes himself invisible and disappears into the bushes. But in the land of ancestor worship even a bush must be used with caution. He is sentenced to nine months in prison for having answered nature's call near the sacred Wotan's Oak of the village of Bayrish-Gmain. Again the invisible cap comes into action, and there follows one of the best chapters of the book.

On the road our hero makes the acquaintance of an addled village schoolmaster who regards him as Wotan in disguise and invites him into his house. His name is Florian Ginkerl, and he is local commander of the S.S. and the neo-Pagan movement. As a matter of principle he speaks only in alliterative verse. This visit to the house of the Teutonic valiant Ginkerl and his spouse Theodolinde, who is a champion reader of Runic wands, is extremely humorous. Every object in the house—bread basket, salt cellar, knives, etc.—is made in the shape of a swastika or ornamented with swastikas. A pet snake, which is revered as a holy object because according to the neo-Pagan faith it contains the soul of a dead Aryan grandmother, winds about Frau Theodolinde's neck. The food is blessed with a little Wotan's hammer, and drinks are served from silver-studded horns. On the house altar, between burning candles, stands a picture of the Führer. When a 'heroic good night' has been bidden, Frau Ginkerl places a piece of butter on the 'Yule block' in the kitchen for the spirits of the deceased, 'because today is Saturday.' She stuffs paper into all crevices and keyholes to keep nightmares and monsters from plaguing the stranger.

Ginkerl is also 'racial custodian,' charged with giving racial advice to the peasants. Thus we witness a Teutonic spring festival in honor of the goddess Ostara (Easter). A naked young girl, clad only in ivy, is sprinkled with holy sea water, but loudly objects to the mysterious ceremony. The music plays *The Watch on the Rhine*, Gauleiter Ginkerl gives a speech, and a peasant who is suspected of Marxist leanings is slaughtered on the altar of the gods.

The festival ends in a wild mead-drinking orgy, and after many sinister encounters with wood nymphs and water maidens, which we must unfortunately pass over, the narrator finally witnesses a witches' sabbath organized by the National Socialist Party. In the presence of Streicher, Rosenberg, Goebbels and the entire *gleichgeschaltete* world of science, the 'honor of the German witch' is to be restored. Dressed only in a pair of trunks, Streicher occupies an ancient Frankish throne. In recognition of his achievements in connection with the 'purety, the truthfulness and the fairness of the German people' he is named Honorary Doctor of the University of Erlangen.

At the end one feels sorry that the book does not go on for several hundred more pages. Here is a refreshing caricature of the neurosis of a people who are regimenting the demons of pre-history. The best thing about the book is the fact that the reader can hardly tell where truth ends and invention begins. For what is described in it is not so very much exaggerated after all. In our times, which are so barren of humor, such a book is a find. It is in the tradition of Sterne and Swift—one of the best political satires on the Third Reich which has so far appeared.

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Fairer Than All Men

Night Wood. *By Djuna Barnes. London: Faber and Faber. 1936.*

(Peter Quennell in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

LESBOS has never been a happy island. While the suburbs of a certain Mesopotamian city (during Biblical days reputed to have been destroyed by fire from Heaven, but since rebuilt on an even more magnificent scale) enclose many pleasantly embowered retreats where one-time lovers, now the best of friends, continue to pluck their eyebrows, paint pictures or cultivate their herbaceous borders in perfect amity, the airs of Lesbos are sharp with sighs, there is an undertone of jealous girding in every breeze, the foliage of its Swinburnian coppices is 'sodden with tears.' Rarely are the prospects it affords agreeable. Not every modern citizen may have the spirit to emulate its most distinguished classical inhabitant; but, should the tourist who approaches its shores care to look over the rail any fine afternoon, there are few creeks, bays or romantic fiords in which he will not catch sight of some solid, well-tailored figure pacing distractedly up and down, rearranging a bow tie, angrily shooting her striped cuffs, furiously glancing at a masculine wrist-watch, as she expects in vain the absent and faithless beloved. Perhaps because there is something inherently barren about its soil, Lesbos, *Mère des jeux latins et des voluptés grecques*, has received surprisingly little attention from contemporary poets and story-tellers, and, when described, has been described briefly and gloomily. True, we have Baudelaire's poem, Balzac's *Fille aux yeux d'or*, a very bad novel by Colette and long passages of *À la Recherche du temps perdu* (which suffer, like other episodes of that prodigious book, from Proust's inability to make up his mind whether Albertine is a boyish girl or a girlish boy); but, on the whole, it has never been explored effectively, and if Miss Djuna Barnes's book had no additional merit, it would be worth reading inasmuch as it attempts to portray the peculiarly distressful atmosphere of the haunted island—the wild nerve-storms that are perpetually laying it waste.

But *Night Wood* (though not exactly a book one would read for pleasure) is, in many respects, a very remarkable production. Miss Barnes has an almost Elizabethan flow of words. She is the kind of modern writer whose prose-style appears to have been founded on a close study of the mad speeches in Webster and Tourneur; for she has the same gusto, the same topsy-turvy eloquence, the same wealth of grotesque and lively imagery. No, *Night Wood* is not a comforting book to read. Imagine the worst of hangovers, complicated by acute remorse and extreme retrospective jealousy—all thickened into a view of modern civilization and contemporary social life that, for bitterness and crazy violence, leaves the darkest chapters of *Ulysses* far behind. There is not a single 'sane' character in the entire story; and a narrative peopled by one uncommonly neurasthenic Jew, three unusually dotty Lesbians and a drunken, melancholic Irish doctor who, in his spare time, retires to his squalid attic bedroom and there lies in misery and solitude, wearing a thick mask of paint and powder, a feminine nightgown and a curly Mary Pickford wig, is bound to make heavy demands on the reader's tolerance.

Nevertheless, the book has a curious force; and it is to be hoped that no puritanical busybody will take umbrage at its unconventional background and occasionally shocking references. The test of a book's obscenity is said to be its power of corrupting those who are open to corruption; and, had I a daughter whose passions for mistresses and older girls were beginning to cause scandal and alarm, I should certainly insist that she read *Night Wood*. If after observing the awful fate of Robin, Nora and that particularly horrible woman, Jenny Petherbridge she did

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not enter a religious retreat or immediately announce her engagement to some thoroughly eligible young man, I should realize that the time had come to say goodbye: that all I could do was to buy her a dinner-jacket and turn her loose.

A more thorough-going deterrent it would be hard to imagine. Normal jealousy, heaven knows, can be bad enough; but the jealousy of homosexual lovers seems, for some reason, doubly excruciating; and the best and most painful passages of *Night Wood* have to do with Nora's efforts to hold the faithless and irresponsible Robin who leaves her friend's roof to roister round the cafés and night-boxes of Montparnasse, and who, in the end, is entrapped by the grasping, foolish, shallow Jenny Petherbridge. In her portrait of Jenny Petherbridge Miss Barnes shows just how well she could write if she were content always to write directly and unpretentiously. A great deal of *Night Wood* is neither direct nor unpretentious; and there are moments when the novelist descends to an exceedingly low level of sentimental verbiage. But, elsewhere, though one may be bored, repelled or exasperated, one must needs admit that she shows remarkable fertility of invention, a very uncommon skill in the management of words. *Night Wood* is not only a strangely original but (as I have already indicated) an extremely moral work; and I was not surprised to learn that it appears under the ægis of the most eminent Anglo-Catholic poet of the present day.

My New Novel

VOR GROSSEN WANDLUNGEN. *By Ludwig Renn. Zurich: Europa Verlag. 1936.*

(Ludwig Renn in the *Wort*, Moscow)

I AM working on a novel which for the time being is called *Seeds of Change*. In length it will not differ from my earlier books, *War* and *After War*. If anything, it will be shorter. *Seeds of Change* follows in the line of my earlier books insofar as it treats of recent events, namely the period from January, 1933, to about 1935 in Germany. The book, however, differs from my earlier ones in that it is not intended as a document. Nor does it show events as they appear to a single individual—a viewpoint that would naturally limit the selection of material; for every man can, according to his character, see only a limited, and for the most part a circumscribed, sector.

Thus the novel is woven from a multitude of active persons who, side by side, act as equals, suffer, observe, and realize their own destinies. These scenes are not kaleidoscopic and without inner connection, but are rendered in such a way that, on the one hand, they point up the great events, while, on the other hand, they develop interwoven human fates in the most diverse social backgrounds, somewhat after the fashion of Tolstoi's *War and Peace*. There is a proletarianized Baltic baron, a fanatical Nazi but a fundamentally decent person, whose brusque integrity gets him into the severest conflicts, to which he almost succumbs. There is a young Communist lost in a village, where he lives through many strange and some beautiful events, until at last he is discovered and done away with. There is a pensioned cavalry officer who seeks to hide his deep disappointment beneath mockery at everything and who finally, just when life, after all, shows him a way out, can bear it no longer. There are the two 'bears,' somewhat peculiar rustic fellows, who try in vain to save a poor Negro, victim of the racial mania. There is a Vehme murderer who has raised brutality to the highest law. An elderly Communist functionary passes through the concentration camp.

And behind these chief characters are many others. There is a fleeting glimpse of Röhm in a frivolous mood, men are killed, Hitler is seen, Thaelman goes to prison, Göring rages, Privy Councilors consult and Dimitroff embarrasses his adversaries. I do not seek to pass judgment, but to represent life itself.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

IN THE SHADOW OF TOMORROW. *By Jan Huizinga. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 1936. 239 pages. $2.50.*

THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION. *By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 217 pages. $2.00.*

JAN HUIZINGA, professor of history at Leyden University, is already well-known for the scholarship of his *Waning of the Middle Ages*. In this present volume, using a philosophical rather than an historical approach, he discloses his belief that our present discontents are due to the waning of the Christian spirituality of the Renaissance. However great an impression this book may have made on European intellectuals, it does not present any novel cure for the modern malady, and its description of the disease is already familiar. It scarcely needs to be repeated again that science today is unguided by spiritual principle, as ready to invent more horrible methods of warfare as to improve the conditions of life in time of peace; or that the scientific method of scientists like Eddington and Jeans is proving incapable of creating a cosmic philosophy. We are familiar, too, with the charge that modern education and means of communication have made for a universal and conscious half-culture that is worse than the unconsciously assimilated peasant culture of previous eras.

This pessimistic analysis is now generally agreed upon. But it is gratifying to find that Professor Huizinga does not take refuge from it in Spengler or any other political obscurantist. Though he disapproves of Marxian materialism, he finds Fascism the greater and the immediate evil. Nazi philosophy he believes the most glaring evidence of the decline of the critical spirit. He exposes its theory of race, its exultant and barbarous reliance upon emotion, its practical cruelty, above all, its sacrifice of ethical principle. At the same time he insists that he be called an optimist; and I think we do right in complying; for his own way out demands a kind of miracle. We have got to rediscover, he says, and to become once more purified by, the spiritual values of Christianity. He calls not for dogmatic institutionalism but the conversion of the spirit of man by a new *askesis:* with the aid of Christ man must will himself not to be an animal. But he offers no practical suggestion of method beyond the hint that the League of Nations is the coöperative form through which the revived individual will can function.

Mr. Wells' latest effusion is a debasement (since that turns out to be possible) of the general attitude expressed by Professor Huizinga. He shares the same pessimism about the present state of world affairs, and repeats the same vague assertion that the old methods will get us out of the mess in due time. Where Huizinga looks to Christian ethic as the proper mechanism of escape, Wells of course prefers a no less ambiguous reliance upon the scientific attitude. Man must coöperate in a super-national world directorate. And while the bombs are bursting over Madrid, and Herr Moseley's Blackshirts parade through the Jewish quarters of London, Mr. Wells pleads for patience. He believes we are now in the process of achieving the new world State as biology and psychoanalysis gradually transfer man's inevitable desire for personal immortality from the realm of the supernatural into the more practical conquest of our earthly future. He shares a religious belief in the New Beginning for mankind.

Such is the pious hope that every now and then floats to the surface of an anatomy of frustrations. For Mr. Wells paradoxically sees frustrations everywhere in the foreground, frustrations of the subconscious, of Socialism, of love, of world peace, of abundance, of youth, of feminism. He recognizes, in other words, the quite universal frustration of his own liberalism, and if he does not land in pessimism, one suspects it is that he cannot rid himself as a successful author of a sense of personal well-being. The only frustration he is not frank about is the one he personally experiences as an amateur philosopher. In order to keep this mess of garrulity from being obviously ridiculous, he pretends (as usual) that he is summarizing the papers of an unknown philosopher who died before he had rounded out his system. One wonders how many more such books Mr. Wells will write before he realizes that he has missed the road to anecdotage, which ageing novelists should comfortably travel, and landed at dotage instead.

—EDWIN BERRY BURGUM

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GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS ABROAD. *By Henry Russell Spencer. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1936. 558 pages. $3.50.*

DOCUMENTS ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1935. Volume I. *Edited by John W. Wheeler-Bennett and Stephen Heald. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. 318 pages. $6.00.*

ALTHOUGH designed primarily as a college textbook in the structure of foreign political systems, Professor Spencer's volume may well serve the general reading public as a pleasingly written, authoritative guide to the way in which the political function is carried on outside the United States. The dozen chapters deal with Britain (Kingdom, Empire, Commonwealth), France, the Soviet Union, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Chile, Japan, and the League of Nations. In each case there is a brief but illuminating historical background followed by clear-cut analyses of the political parties, the vital social factors, and the administrative, legislative, and judicial frameworks. The author does not hesitate to express an occasional opinion and sometimes even to be dogmatic, a feature which, combined with the frequent and judicious use of comparisons, adds considerably to the interest of the book. The intelligent reader who could peruse his evening paper with *Government and Politics Abroad* at his elbow for ready reference, would be amply rewarded through a deeper understanding and better-founded interpretation of the daily news reports.

The collection of documents edited by Mr. Heald, in the absence of Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, follows the pattern of its predecessors save for the fact that the year 1935 is to have two volumes devoted to it. The central point of the first volume is Germany; that of the second is to be the Italo-Ethiopian affair. Following an excellent fifteen-page summary introduction, the documents begin, in English where official English texts exist and in French where only official French texts are available. Included in the collection are the Franco-Italian Pact of January, 1935, regarding Africa, the denunciation of the restrictive military clauses of the Versailles Treaty by the German Government, the communiqués issued by the British Government following the visits of British Ministers to the leading European capitals in March and April, the agreements adopted at the Stresa Conference, the Franco-Soviet and Czechoslovak-Soviet agreements of mutual assistance, the exchange of notes comprising the famous Anglo-German naval agreement of June, the negotiations with Germany for an eastern European pact, and various national declarations of foreign policy expressed through the words of the officials of almost a dozen States. There is also the usual convenient chronological table of treaties and agreements reached between two or more States and of general international conventions. Obviously this volume, like those which came before it, is indispensable for anyone who would make a serious study of the international relations of the world today.

—WALTER CONSUELO LANGSAM

THE DISCUSSION OF HUMAN AFFAIRS. *By Charles A. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 124 pages. $1.75.*

STARTING out as an analysis of the elements involved in discussion, the work under review develops into a presentation of Beard's views of epistemology and of the philosophy of history. In its course are discussed such matters as the relation of fact to opinion, the bases of attitudes, the possibilities of prediction, the nature and limitations of historical knowledge, the necessity of assumptions, the meaning of causality, the unreality of particular facts, the falsity of viewing all as chaos, the dangers of biological and physical analogies in treating human affairs, and the implications of history as actuality.

To analyze the stages in Beard's argument is impossible in a limited space. The conclusions reached may, however, be presented, *faute de mieux*. Beard insists that history as it happened is unknowable, and that no theory can explain adequately the whole of it. Nevertheless one must approach the subject with some general conception. Rejecting as inadequate various attitudes popular with past or present historians, including, be it noted, the class interpretation, Beard champions the idea of progress and insists that the dialectical analysis is, not simply superior, but generally accepted by competent historiographers today. Realistic dialectics, he holds, alone endeavors to comprehend the whole development of a culture through time. Alone, too, it tries to order all events without passing moral judgment on them. History cannot by its nature explain why: it can only describe how; and it

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is because of this that realistic dialectics is its sole valid method. Value-judgments are for individual decision, and rest on opinion.

One transcendant truth does indeed emerge from the resultant admission of the impossibility of full and general prediction in human affairs. Distinguishing between fact and opinion, we can classify attitudes. Knowledge of them will lead to their inter-penetration in our minds, with a resultant decrease in acerbity and extremity of position and a possibility of solving conflicts by applying thought to practice. That is 'the supreme contribution of contemporary historiography to the process of coping with present perplexities and making a civilization in which humanity can possess the beautiful and the good.'

It may be; but my verdict, at least, is 'not proven.' More than that, indeed, I find myself regretfully compelled to the conclusion that Beard's excursus has rendered the whole subject quite unnecessarily confused. The chief reason is that he neither argues closely nor defines his terms. It may be, as he states in his preparatory note, that 'historiographers themselves are entitled to be heard on the theme which is their peculiar interest and object of inquiry and speculation' and that the field should not be left to physicists. Yet moral philosophers, metaphysicians, and logicians also have their claims, which are, indeed, fundamental. Terms such as 'reality,' 'realistic dialectics,' 'independent absolutes,' 'evil,' 'good,' 'actuality,' 'fact,' 'cause,' 'condition,' 'event,' 'totality,' 'value,' to mention but a few, are not to be thrown around lightly. At the very least, it is incumbent on one who uses them to explain his own pre-suppositions and to make it clear what he means by them. Beard has generally failed to do so, unless such statements as 'the dialectic method endeavors to grasp the totality of culture in its time unfolding,' and 'History as actuality embraces all phases of human life . . . the parts are determined in the totality or by phases of it' (p. 100) may be taken for explanation or definition. To me, however, they appear to be *obscurum per obscurius*.

That Beard's philosophy of history, carefully thought out and precisely stated, and with his views concerning the ultimate nature of the universe and our relation to it both avowed and defended, would be of real value, is not improbable. So brief and poorly integrated an exposition as we are here given is, on the other hand, completely valueless. Worse, it but darkens council, and, by lending Beard's skilled pen and great name to such darkening, encourages loose thinking and a false emphasis on facile output.

—Thomas I. Cook

Eyes on Japan. *By Victor A. Yakhontoff. New York: Coward-McCann. 1936. 329 pages. $3.50.*

General Yakhontoff apparently set for himself two broad aims, both difficult of attainment, in writing this book, and he has succeeded quite well in achieving them. First of all, he and his publishers seem to have surveyed the supply of current books on Japan in relation to the demand created by the attention given the Far Eastern situation, and to have decided that a comprehensive description of that country was needed. A description was needed which would supply within one volume the history from mythical through feudal to modern times, from early cultural dependence on China through Tokugawa isolation to imperialist expansion; the economic topography of the land and its semi-feudal, semi-capitalist structure; the social forces inherent in startlingly unequal privileges and possession of wealth; the cultural background and the way the Japanese—the various Japanese—live; modern relations with foreign countries; and the great present-day problems demanding fundamental, not makeshift, solutions. Faithfully and thoroughly, and with a minimum of factual errors, the author has assembled from scattered sources the data relevant to this description, and he has put these down in a well-ordered, interesting way.

Secondly, General Yakhontoff has attempted to give more than a comprehensive description; he has tried to keep a red thread of interpretation running through the book. And he is to be congratulated both on making the attempt and on succeeding so well, for what intelligent Americans want to know today is not so much *what* is Japan, but *why* is it so. Why have the internal forces in Japan developed as they have? Why have they led to the particular forms of aggression and of domestic turmoil which has characterized the recent history of the nation? Why are the forces of democracy so suppressed today? Why does not organized labor play a more conspicuous rôle? What are the alternatives

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facing the nation abroad and at home? When he has finished this book the reader will have made a good start towards knowing the answers to questions such as these.

Eyes on Japan is neither conservative nor radical. The descriptive features are too prominent to permit a closely knit interpretation along sectarian lines. The author's analysis is a broad one designed to bring meaning to the description, not partisanship. Although General Yakhontoff has relied largely on secondary sources for his data, his own first hand acquaintance with Japan has enabled him to choose wisely among them.

—Frederick V. Field

Can China Survive? *By Hallett Abend and Anthony J. Billingham. New York: Ives Washburn. 1936. Illustrated. 317 pages. $3.00.*

TWO Far Eastern correspondents of the *New York Times* answer in the negative the question that they raise in the title of this book. After indicating at the outset the weaknesses of the Chinese and their vain hopes of foreign aid, Messrs. Abend and Billingham explain the aims of Japan in Asia, and during the rest of the chapters pay almost as much attention to this subject as to China itself. Most of their chapters consist of factual, historical essays on various parts of China and the outlying areas—North China, Mongolia, Singkiang, Tibet, Fukien Province, Shantung, and the Yangtze Valley. The result is a comprehensive handbook covering the major spots of interest in the Far East with special emphasis on their economic and political importance. Especially in the chapter on Singkiang the authors draw attention to what they rightly believe to be the strategic key to Asia since in this area British, Russian, Japanese, and Chinese influences all conflict. They attach more importance to the advance of education than to the progress of Communism and hold General Chiang Kai-shek in high regard, but doubt that he can prevail against the more radical leaders in the southwest. Although they admit that the American stake in China amounts to little, they take the line approved by the British Foreign Office that considerations of 'honor' may involve the United States in an Asiatic war against Japan. For only such a war can save China from Japan.

—Quincy Howe

The Middle Classes Then and Now. *By Franklin Charles Palm. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 421 pages. $3.50.*

TODAY the middle classes are very much in the limelight. Menaced by reaction on the Right and disturbed by revolution on the Left, they have become for all social groups—including themselves—the '*x*' quantity of our times. We may, therefore, be grateful to Mr. Palm for his painstaking and factually valuable descriptive account of the middle classes from their embryonic appearance in the ancient world of Egypt, Greece and Rome down to the New Deal of President Roosevelt. From the economic point of view Mr. Palm's study—despite its generous treatment of the feudal, mercantile and capitalist phases of European history—is inferior to Lewis Corey's book, *The Crisis of the Middle Class*, although both authors regard the French Revolution as central in the development of the bourgeoisie. Palm's analyses are also theoretically weak when it comes to such major distinctions as that between the 'big' bourgeoisie who support political reaction and the 'petty' bourgeoisie who have everything to gain by opposing it.

Allowance made for these defects of perspective and emphasis, Mr. Palm's book deserves high praise for presenting, in very readable form, a considerable body of material illustrating the philosophic, social and cultural significance of bourgeois life in Europe and America. Four chapters on 'Literature and the Middle Classes' carry us from the France of Molière to the America of Sinclair Lewis and give some eloquent proofs of the 'class' character of the 'ivory tower' concept of art in its heyday; while in 'The Importance of Being Victorian' you get a vivid picture of the permeation of all intellectual life by the crude and socially ruthless optimism of the new imperialism centering around Disraeli and Gladstone.

'Today,' concludes Palm, 'the only successful rugged individualists are the heads of Big Business.' As for the rest of the middle classes, 'bewildered, stubborn, and resentful, they stumble on. Whither, Bourgeoisie?' Mr. Palm does not answer; but from the pages of his book—plus recent events in France and Spain—it may be possible for some of his readers to interpret the handwriting on the wall.

—Harold Ward

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PHOENIX: THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. *Edited and with an Introduction by Edward D. McDonald. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. 852 pages. $3.75.*

IF *Phoenix, The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence* had been published as the collected fragments of some unknown author, the reader would lament the death of a writer of high promise who died too soon fully to develop his genius or to exorcise his faults. For much of the worst of Lawrence is in this book and only for brief spaces in few instances his best. His admirers will derive no new stimulus or knowledge from these papers, his detractors will find grist to their mill.

Nevertheless, the book has an importance of its own, though it sheds no new light on Lawrence the artist, and Lawrence the philosopher and thinker emerges frequently as an undisciplined writer of arrant nonsense. No eighteenth century blue-stocking could more sentimentally have described the 'noble savage,' no Methodist crusader have waxed more violent or more prejudiced in his attacks on 'the modern woman,' his over-emphasis on sex.

'Of all things, the most fatal to a woman is to have an aim and be cocksure about it.' '. . . *some* of Shakespeare's father-murder-complex, *some* of Hamlet's horror of his mother, of his uncle, of all old men came from the feeling that fathers may transmit syphilis, or syphilis-consequences to children.' Can the contemporaries of Lawrence blame the younger generation for refusing to take as seriously as they do the expressions of so uneven, so prejudiced a mind?

'It is a curious thing, but the ideas of one generation become the instincts of the next,' writes Lawrence. 'We are such stuff as our grandmothers' dreams are made on.' But today's more enlightened attitude towards sexual freedom the new generation takes for granted. That their liberty is partly due to the setting free of the dreams of Victorian women, that to a large extent that liberation was brought about by the fanatic passion and the great talent of Lawrence the crusader, they are unconscious. To them his perpetual harping on sex seems boring and senile, an essay like *Pornography and Obscenity*, *vieux jeu* and obvious.

No, it is to his own generation, as man and symbol rather than as artist or document, that Lawrence remains important. And for a reason, I think, not wholly simple. In a recently published essay on Hamlet, Santayana says, 'The deep interest in this figure lies . . . in its affinity to the situation in which every romantic spirit must in a measure find itself. . . . In Hamlet our incoherent souls see their own image; in him romantic potentiality and romantic failure wear each its own image.' Lawrence's generation accepted and wallowed in the designation 'lost.' Inevitable that the more forward-looking of their successors dismiss them as romantic defeatists; logical that to them this well-edited book of Lawrence's apt and erroneous, petulant and generous, irrelevant and acute, brilliant and undisciplined fragments should be of most significance.

—MINA CURTISS

TWO YEARS: A NOVEL OF TIME AND ETERNITY. *By Alberto Albertini. Translated from the Italian by Arthur Livingston. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. 495 pages. $2.75.*

IT IS characteristic of Italian writers, when tyranny sweeps their country and they can neither escape it nor in conscience sing its praises, to retire to a lofty and solitary tower of contemplation and meditation, in the hope that pure spiritual problems will be immune from the bolts of the despot. While this scheme often worked in the past, it is of little avail today under the twentieth century dictator whose slogan is 'Who is not with me is against me.' This is the case of the author of the present novel, who was formerly editor of the liberal daily *Corriere della Sera*, which then corresponded to the *New York Times*. His newspaper tolerated Fascism in its early stages, until Mussolini threw off the mask; it then became mildly anti-Fascist and continued so until 1925, when it had to be sold to a Fascist group. Since that time, the former editor, faithful to his liberal principles, has lived a life of retirement. In 1934 he published in Italy, almost clandestinely, this novel 'of time and eternity,' without name of publisher. The Italian press, with its famous 'spontaneous unanimity,' ignored it, and, were it not for the English and American critics who called attention to it, the novel might indeed just as well not have been written. Albertini's experience serves as an excellent case in point for those of our liberal editors who also tolerate Fascism.

The action of *Two Years* is laid in fourth

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century Rome, battleground and melting-pot of Christianity. The hero, Maximus, a twenty-two-year-old youth, half mystic, half poet, more inclined to enthusiasm than to perseverance, can not decide whether fully to embrace or to reject the new faith. Spiritually and physically, he leads an anæmic life, until his premature last hour overtakes him. On his death-bed, just as 'Sleep is seeking to hand (him) over to her sister Death,' he recoils before the thought of extinction, calls to his side the saint and thaumaturgus, Mutius, and begs him to intercede for his life. Mutius establishes contact with God, and announces the miracle: God grants the youth two more years of life.

Maximus doesn't understand; his life is doomed: he has contracted a debt with God which must be paid off at the end of two years, and these two years he must spend preparing himself to face God and the world beyond. But what will he do if his faith is weak—as it proves to be? What is Eternity? What if he can't conceive it—as he can't? What if, meanwhile, he for the first time falls madly in love—as he does? Can he love a woman and God at the same time?

These are some of the ageless philosophical problems which constitute the warp and woof of the novel. They are intricate and delicate, but the author is up to his task and discusses them with competence, dignity and elegance. The narration is fresh, lively and modern and imparts at all times a striking tone of contemporaneity both of event and speech. Professor Arthur Livingston's flawless rendering of the Italian original is superb.

—Michele Cantarella

D. H. Lawrence: A Personal Record. *By E. T. New York: Knight Publications. 1936. 223 pages. $2.50.*

EXCEPT for his wife's, this book about Lawrence is biographically the most important. Of all the writers who have felt impelled to express their emotion about Lawrence, these two alone seem to have been fundamentally essential to his life. Not only a vivid account of his adolescence and young manhood, but since the author was also the Miriam of *Sons and Lovers*, this book is also enlightening on the relationship of autobiography to the novel.

—M. C.

A Gilbert and Sullivan Dictionary. *Compiled by George E. Dunn. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. 175 pages. $1.75.*

IT WOULD perhaps be curmudgeonly, in face of the actual existence of a Gilbert and Sullivan Dictionary, to gainsay its value, comparing it in usefulness (let us say) with a glossary to the works of Mr. Harold Bell Wright, or a running commentary on the novels of the late Miss Marie Corelli. Gilbert's words with Sullivan's music continue to delight us, but do the words themselves demand the honor of such exegetical nicety? Mr. Dunn wards off the question in his foreword, saying 'that artists cannot impart full expression to their lines unless they know the meaning of the words contained in them.' Still we wonder.

But, of course—Mr. Dunn is pulling our leg! How obtuse not to have seen it at once! He intended, and has brought forth, a true Gilbertian work. Thus, from page 67 we learn that a lady with the strangely unladylike name of Douglas Gordon was the Josephine of the first production of *Pinafore*, while page 95 tells us the part was first played by Alice May, and on page 117 we discover it to have been created by Emma Howson. And how he must have leaned back and chuckled at his definition of *Fra Angelican* (a *Patience* reference) as meaning 'In the style of Michelangelo, the great Italian painter and sculptor, 1475–1564.' We were wrong to cavil. Surely we should rather choose to admire these evidences of devotion to the spirit of W. S. Gilbert.

—H. B.

An Old Heart Goes A-Journeying. *By Hans Fallada. Illustrated by Georg Salter. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1936. 326 pages. $2.50.*

WITH this modern fairy tale Hans Fallada is at his best. A delightful group of people, good and evil, passes by in a whirlwind of events, and when we have finished reading it all, we are still under the spell of the little heroine's charm and that of her elderly protector. There are a few marvelous scenes: especially the Breughel-like one where the fat farmer Tamm gives away his weight in sausages. Fallada is sure to gain many new friends among those who read chiefly for pleasure and relaxation. A fine Christmas present.

—R. N.

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CORRESPONDENCE

'Reds,' and the League

To the Editor of The Living Age:

Sir:—Your October number contained a laudatory article on La Pasionaria of Spain. Enclosed find article by Spanish Prince Pignatelli regarding the same woman. Some one must be wrong: and I would rather believe the latter's story of her inhuman radio ballyhoo. That these clippings are from the *New York American* does not mean they can haughtily be discounted as lies, as many of your readers seem to assume regarding anything appearing in the Hearst press.

I am one of your oldest subscribers, but must say that your radical leanings frequently give me a very plebeian 'pain in the neck.' Likewise your wooing of the decrepit League of Nations is particularly distasteful.

—S. Edward Fretz

Riverdale, New York City

[The Living Age does not take sides, but attempts to mirror the world as faithfully and as objectively as possible: as the world contains both radicals and Fascists, so The Living Age must contain both radical and Fascist articles. Elie Faure's fulsome description of the Spanish Communist firebrand in the October issue was balanced by an equally sympathetic account of General Franco from the pen of an English Conservative. Nor has The Living Age ever 'wooed' the League of Nations: in its Symposium it has merely presented the views of some 150 distinguished citizens—of whom nearly 75 per cent were *opposed* to that 'decrepit' organization.

The Editor]

The 'Mother Country'

To the Editor of The Living Age:

Sir:—Mr. Quincy Howe's statement in the October issue, in a review of *British Economic Foreign Policy*, that 'Few Americans and no Republicans appear to understand that since the War, and especially since 1931, the Mother Country which our right-thinking citizens hold in such reverence has moved further and much more rapidly towards collectivism than we have under Franklin Roosevelt,' has impelled me to ask whether you can suggest where details corroborating it may be found in short form.

—Van Dusen Rickert

Pottsville, Pa.

[Almost all British workers are organized into unions and no Government dares to offend them. Minimum wages are enforced by national law. National unemployment insurance has been in operation since before the War. The National Government has unlimited authority over the entire country. Throughout the depression the Government has spent huge sums on housing, and as a result of the policy of Conservative as well as Labor Governments, one-third of the slums in England have been wiped out since the War. The telephone and telegraph companies, as well as many of the public utilities, are owned by the State.

Q. H.]

What Is a Novel?

To the Editor of The Living Age:

Sir:—In a book review, written by Mr. Bennett and published in the L.A. of September, 1936, he spoke of the 'classic definition of a novel' of Abel Chevalley. I should like so much to know what that 'definition' is. Any definition of a novel, whether accepted or challenged, is interesting and bold in this moment of shifting standards. I do not know 'Abel Chevalley.'

—Frances Hanna Thomson

Columbus, Ohio

[I fear my reply will not shed a great deal of light on the nature of the novel. On page 17 of an excellent book (*Aspects of the Novel*, by E. M. Forster, published in 1927 by Harcourt, Brace) the following appears: 'M. Abel Chevalley has, in his brilliant little manual, provided a definition, and if a French critic cannot define the English novel, who can? It is, he says, "a fiction in prose of a certain extent" (*une fiction en prose d'une certaine étendue*).'

The 'brilliant little manual' has been translated by Ben Redman (*The Modern English Novel*. By Abel Chevalley. New York: Knopf. 1925). Abel Chevalley is the compiler of *The Concise Oxford French Dictionary*. H. B.]

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AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

A Symposium—VIII

THE recent meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva, considered by many to have been barren of real accomplishment, enhanced the interest in the present symposium as tending to confirm the views which many correspondents have already expressed. As was said by a contributor to the London *Spectator* in a recent number of that periodical:—

> If the League is to continue to exert any real influence, now that faith in its coercive powers in restraint of aggression seems irretrievably shaken, it must at least be a forum before which every incident threatening the peace of the world can be fearlessly laid at the bar of public opinion; but, if the prevailing belief in Geneva is to be trusted, considerable pressure is being exercised to prevent discussion of such dangerous topics. Such a conspiracy of silence, and an attempt to deal elsewhere with every serious international danger, would go far to create the impression that the swing back to 1914 had definitely taken place, and that the part which the League would henceforth play in world affairs would be insignificant.

Valued correspondents of THE LIVING AGE, whose views we have not yet had opportunity to publish, deprecating the notion that the United States should ever accept membership in the League, are Professor Benjamin Brawley, clergyman and author, of Washington, D. C.; Dr. William Fitch Cheney, of San Francisco, member of the medical faculty at Leland Stanford Jr. University; Major General William J. Graves, United States Army, Retired, of Shrewsbury, N. J.; Professor Grace E. Bird, of the Rhode Island College of Education, Providence, R. I.; Paul Cook, of Beaumont, Tex., contributing editor of the Beaumont *Enterprise*.

As we have already stated in the preceding chapters of the symposium, a number of correspondents who were originally in favor of our joining the League and who venture the speculation that it might have been well for the world had we done so are now opposed to membership in the League. These include Rev. Paul de Schweinitz, Treasurer of Moravian Missions, of Bethlehem, Pa.; Professor W. A. Harper, of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.; Professor B. Harvie Branscomb, of Duke University, Durham, N. C.; Walter Taylor Field, of Hinsdale, Ill.; Professor Robert G. Aitken, of Berkeley, Cal.; Mrs. Lucretia L. Blankenburg, of Philadelphia; J. Breckenridge Ellis, of La Habra, Cal.; W. W. Barnes, Professor of Christian History, of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Seminary Hill, Texas; and William H. Allison, Professor Emeritus of Church History, of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School.

N. E. Griffin, editor and author, of Cambridge, Mass., expresses such disappointment in recent events that he feels that the League of Nations has exhausted its usefulness and should cease to exist.

Other correspondents continue to believe that the League of Nations, in spite of its failure to sustain the principle of collective security, is, after all, a nucleus which might be developed, with the cooperation of the United States and the other powerful nations, into a force powerful enough to police the world. Among these are Dr. Comish, Professor of Business Administration at the University of Oregon; Professor W. C. Allee, biologist, of Chicago, Ill.; Oliver E. Barthel, consulting engineer, of Detroit, Mich.; Professor William R. Chedsey, Head of the Department of Mining at the Pennsylvania State College; Dr. W. Howard Barber, of New York; Stuart Bell, Mana-

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ger of the Community Hall in Gladwyne, Penn.; Dr. C. C. Bass, Dean of the School of Medicine, Tulane University, New Orleans, La.; H. Herbert Coone, President of Draughon's Business College, Nashville, Tenn.; Prof. Hubert Lyman Clark, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard; Dr. E. J. Doering, physician, of Chicago, Ill.; Professor George Calhoun, of the University of California; Dr. Boyd Edwards, Headmaster of the Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Penn.; Milton Bennion, Dean of the School of Education of the University of Utah; Professor T. L. Harris, of West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va.; Ralph W. Bevan, of Providence, R. I.; Anson K. Cross, of the Art Schools of the same name in St. Petersburg, Fla.; Oliver Bowles, of the Bureau of Mines, Washington, D. C.; William M. Blatt, Boston attorney; the Reverend Marion J. Bradshaw, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, Bangor, Me.; Philip E. Browning, of New Haven, Conn.; Robert B. Brinsmade, of San Luis Potosi City, Mexico; Dr. Gardner W. Allen, of Boston, Mass.; William H. Allen, Secretary of the Civil Service Commission of New York City; Dr. Philip King Brown, of San Francisco, Cal.; and Dr. Roland M. Harper, geographer for the Geological Survey of Alabama.

Albert R. Brunker, Chicago business executive, believes that 'the present world condition is due to a terrific maladjustment of territory and of natural world resources. . . .' He continues:—

. . . I do not feel that we should become a party to the League of Nations. I do think that every helpful coöperation should be given in the effort to maintain world peace, by a friendly attitude toward the League nations, and principally the closest sort of coöperation with Great Britain. My own idea of the only effective and worthwhile policing job in the world is a closer coöperation between the English-speaking people. . . .

Florence Bascom, formerly professor of geology at Bryn Mawr College, and now associated with the U. S. Geological Survey, in Washington, believes that:—

. . . We should coöperate with the sanctions of the League of Nations, and this may be as possible with independence of the League as with membership. I should not force membership. . . .

Some of our contributors were kind enough to send us pertinent pamphlets and essays which only lack of space prevents us from publishing. Among others, the following pamphlets and articles were received and are preserved in our files for future reference:—

The Population Problem and World Depression, by Louis I. Dublin, Third Vice-President and Statistician, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York City.

The United States as a Neutral, by Charles Cheney Hyde, professor at the School of Law of Columbia University.

The International Labor Office and World Economic Policy, by Lewis L. Lorwin, formerly of the Brookings Institution, and now Economic Adviser to the International Labor Office at Geneva, Switzerland.

Keeping out of War, by Edgar G. Pratt, attorney, of Los Angeles, California.

The editors close the symposium on the League of Nations with genuine reluctance, believing, however, that no contribution to an intelligent consideration of the League of Nations problem superior to that afforded by the letters from more than one hundred and fifty correspondents may anywhere be found. It may be said, finally, that the letters received will be carefully preserved in our files and some of those, the publication of which has been prevented by inexorable limitations of space, will be used at a later date. For it is certain that the general subject will grow in significance as time passes rather than diminish in importance.

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

A PEACE program for the 75th Congress, designed to win the support of organized farmers, workers, and women, religious bodies, and young voters, has been drawn up by the National Council for Prevention of War (532 Seventeenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.) with the collaboration of representatives from each of those five groups.

An intensive educational and political campaign to insure its success is to be launched before the first of the year, and plans for it are now under consideration. Speakers, special literature, organization of peace-action committees, and publicity will be used to call public attention to the importance of 'keeping the United States out of war and helping to keep war out of the world.'

ONE of the latest publications of the Catholic Association for International Peace (1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.) is a primer in question and answer form entitled *A Catholic Primer on World Peace*, by Dr. Charles G. Fenwick, the Association's President. The primer has been written primarily for study clubs and high schools as an initial step toward a better understanding and further study of the current international questions in the light of Catholic teaching. Single copies are 10 cents each, direct from the Association's Washington office.

THE committee appointed by the National Peace Conference a year ago to investigate military training in the schools and colleges of the nation has brought in its report, and the Conference has issued it in pamphlet form, price 10 cents (National Peace Conference, 8 West 40th Street, New York). The report finds that military training has been steadily extended, until it now reaches nearly 160,000 students in 291 educational institutions throughout the country. In a considerable number of these (90 of the colleges and 28 of the secondary schools) the training is compulsory. The committee believes that 'compulsory military training is utterly indefensible in nominally civil schools and colleges,' and recommends passage of the Nye-Kvale Bill to prohibit it. Members of the committee include Edwin C. Johnson, secretary of the Committee on Militarism in Education, Professor William H. Kilpatrick of Teachers College, Columbia University, and the Presidents of Boston University, the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, Sarah Lawrence College, and Oberlin College.

IN THE October 30 issue of the *Research Bulletin* published by the American Russian Institute for Cultural Relations with the Soviet Union (56 West 45th Street, New York), there is a long article by Joseph Barnes entitled 'Soviet Agriculture—1936.' Mr. Barnes, who was for some time Moscow correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*, reviews the history of the drive to 'collectivize' the farms, which he describes as a 'long, bitter, and by no means bloodless' struggle, but which, he says, has been abundantly successful.

THE November issue of the *Bulletin* of the Pan American Union (Seventeenth Street and Constitution Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.) contains an interesting article by Daniel Rey Vercesi on 'Power Problems in Uruguay.' Uruguay has gone much farther than our own New Deal in the direction of government control of industry. Mr. Vercesi summarizes what has been done, not only in the field of electric power, but in fuel, oil, alcohol, and cement.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

to convey the impression that all of the terror in Spain today is the work of the Insurgents: the story might perhaps be just as truthful a picture if the rôles of Rebels and Loyalists were reversed. Yet it does seem to be possible to make a distinction between the terror which is exercised by the anti-Fascists and that practised by the forces of General Franco: at least such is the judgment of Lawrence A. Fernsworth, a special correspondent of the *New York Times*. Concluding a recent news despatch on the subject, Mr. Fernsworth wrote:—

'A summing up of the terrorist situation would seem to be that on the anti-Fascist—it would hardly be fair to say Government—side, there have been relatively few mass killings or cases of torture, although a distressingly large number of executions of marked persons on a selective basis, interlarded with cases of personal vengeance. On the Insurgent side the executions have been in masses, often marked by torture, and on a far larger scale in proportion to the population. Treachery has also been a frequent feature of the executions on this side.'

OVER the signature 'Y. Y.' the *New Statesman and Nation* publishes a weekly essay on some subject of current interest —or on whatever happens to come into the writer's (or writers'?) head (or heads). We reproduced one of them last year (in 'As Others'): in it the author made unmerciful fun of self-conscious Americans who are so unsure of their 'manners' that they have to read books about them. Now we present another 'Y. Y.' titbit, this time on the ever-recurring question of 'Changing One's Mind.' [p. 396]

PERSONS AND PERSONAGES: Claude Eylan's interview with King Boris is a sympathetic account, from a conservative French source, of a meeting with the monarch of Bulgaria [p. 318]; 'Gandhi's Appeal' gives a humorous picture of the popular Indian leader's amazing ability to raise funds [p. 321]; in 'The Bereavement of Colonel Blimp' Mr. David Low, one of England's most popular cartoonists, writes his own obituary [p. 324]; and Mr. Eksler's contribution to the Moscow *Izvestia* introduces us to the author of *And Quiet Flows the Don* [p. 326].

THE authors of the reviews in this month's 'Books Abroad' include Aldous Huxley, whose interest in the cause of pacifism is not so well known as his interest in the very private lives of the characters of his novels; Hans Sahl, a German journalist on the staff of the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris; Peter Quennell, English novelist and critic, author of *The Phœnix King* and a biography of Lord Byron; and Ludwig Renn, a German nobleman whose war novel, *Krieg*, was widely read; after the Nazis came to power Mr. Renn was imprisoned in a concentration camp, and later released: he is now fighting in the ranks of the Spanish loyalists.

OUR own reviewers are Edwin Berry Burgum, associate professor of English at New York University; Walter Consuelo Langsam, professor of History at Columbia University; Thomas I. Cook, a member of the teaching staff of the University of California; Frederick V. Field, secretary of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations; Quincy Howe, formerly the editor of THE LIVING AGE and now chief editor for Simon and Schuster; Harold Ward, a frequent contributor to the magazines; Mina Curtiss, author of *In the Midst of Life* (Boston: Little, Brown); and Michele Cantarella, who left Italy because of his opposition to the Fascist régime, and is now teaching Italian at Smith College.

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